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74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, in a book which he has just published and calls "The Decline of Aristocracy"—by the by, it is a question-begging title—employs a great deal of ingenuity in attempting to find an invidious definition of the word "gentleman." He wanted it as a target for his criticism. The alternative expressions—"aristocrat," "nobility," "upper-class," "society" and "the rich"—are dismissed as not being sufficiently inclusive. He therefore tries to attach a sinister association to the word "gentleman." But in order to do this he has to split a very fine hair, and says the word has two meanings, one moral and the other social. Naturally, he bars the moral interpretation, because, were he to admit it, half of his diatribes would fall flat. The world has given its own meaning to the word "gentleman," and what that meaning is may be inferred from certain well-known phrases. Thus, "Nature's gentleman" by universal consent means a man of humble birth who, nevertheless, possesses the attributes of courtesy, kindness and consideration for others which are essential to our conception of the perfect "gentleman." In fact, there are very few words which by long usage have come to convey so beautiful a meaning as that of "gentleman." Mr. Ponsonby, therefore, seeks to attach a stigma to the word in its social interpretation. He enlarges eloquently on his thesis; but the long and short of it seems to be that he classes as "gentlemen"

all those who are or deem themselves enfranchised from the primitive curse of labour. In his own words, they have been born "with means enough either to free them entirely from the necessity of having to work for a living, or to adopt a profession merely as a pastime or a temporary occupation."

It would be impossible to deny that there are such idlers in the land; but the latest of the prophets greatly exaggerates their number. His language is the reverse of urbane when he refers to them as "a class that merely vegetates, lives off the fat of the land, and squanders according to their whim and fancy the wealth that others have toiled to create." Suppose that this strong language were to be met, not by a counter-torrent of abuse, but an examination of facts; what would be the result? Is the English country gentleman truly an idler in the land? It is said "by their fruits ye shall know them," and it would be extremely interesting to hear the verdict which some of the critics of the day would have to arrive at if, instead of giving expression to merely personal opinion, they studied the facts of the case. The English country gentleman has from time immemorial been a landowner, and if he were the selfish pleasure-seeking individual that he is represented to be, surely that would be reflected in the condition of English land. We believe that many would accept this criterion, because, after looking at a country house, a garden and a park, they conclude that the owner is a mere sybarite who, in Mr. Ponsonby's elegant language, lives off the fat of the land and squanders what others have produced. But is there any other land in the world quite so well cultivated as our English soil? It is very easy to find fault with it, but let a sober comparison be made and England will certainly not come out second best. When, owing to a vastly increased importation of cereals, arable farming ceased to be profitable, who was it that found a new outlet for agricultural energy? Surely the English country gentleman and no other.

There is a great deal of talk about the inadequate housing of the labourer, and, for our own part, we wish it were better; but let anybody consider the state of things when Bishop Fraser of Manchester and his coadjutors drew up their famous report on the employment of women and children in agriculture, and he will then be able to form some idea of the progress that has been achieved during the last sixty or eighty years. A very good test is to consider the number of small-roomed houses that were in existence in Charles Kingsley's time and the number there are to-day. Not only did the peasantry live in congestion, but the filth was indescribable. Nearly all this has been cleared away, and he indeed knows very little of the case who is not aware that the change is in large measure due to the work of these so-called idlers. They have from tradition taken a leading part in the local government, and, in the administration of justice, they have served their country in Parliament patriotically and unselfishly. We do not for a moment say that black spots are not to be pointed out, or that the country gentleman has in every case been a model; but in cases like this comparison is everything, and if the other classes in the country are compared with that to which he belongs, it will be found that he stands the test as well as any. But Mr. Ponsonby is not likely to be convinced of this, for the simple reason that he is too political. In one passage of his book he goes so far as to say that Conservatism is merely an outcome of aristocratic fear and prejudice. It is a pity that so clever a writer should be so blinded by class prejudice. The Conservative mind and the Liberal mind probably come into existence in equal numbers. It is a matter of character; one is cautious and firm, perhaps carrying these qualities to an extreme degree by avoiding whatever is experimental and undemonstrable; but the Liberal is more adventurous, imaginative and iconoclastic. The ideal State would be one in which the two parties were divided, not by such accidental attributes as birth and the possession or non-possession of wealth, but by the boundary that Nature herself has set up—the difference of temperament. This is what true statesmanship would aim at.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Miss Ivy Bell-Irving, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Irving of Rokeby, Barnard Castle. Miss Bell-Irving's engagement is announced to the Hon. Ian Maitland, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Maitland and grandson of the Earl of Lauderdale.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

OWNERS of land are naturally interested in the new agrarian movement. The opening of Parliament gave birth to a series of negations which ought finally to bring into definite shape the vague and misty proposals which have been made so much of in the bye-elections. With one accord the leading members of His Majesty's Government have risen to protest that they are not single taxers. Speaking at Leven on Saturday, the Prime Minister said: "Whatever the proposals of the Government may be, they will not embrace what is called the policy of the single tax, which to my knowledge has not a single supporter in the present Cabinet." A meeting was held on Monday afternoon of those who are enthusiastic about land reform, and with one accord they also repudiated the single tax. The redoubtable Mr. Hemmerde appealed to the conference "to clear their minds of any talk about a single tax." On the same day Mr. George Lambert, speaking at Chawleigh in North Devon, declared that Mr. Lloyd George had authorised him "to say most explicitly that he is not a single taxer, he never has been a single taxer, and nothing that he has ever heard conveys to his mind the remotest possibility that he ever will be a single taxer." Even more interesting than this was the addition that the Chancellor of the Exchequer "does not believe that you can regenerate any industry, least of all the agricultural industry, by taxing it."

When with the aid of these negations the unessential has been eliminated, it may be possible to get the new land policy into an intelligible shape. At the Caxton Hall conference on Monday a great many differences of opinion arose and made it difficult to understand what the meeting was really driving at. The resolution ultimately adopted at the meeting was moved by Mr. Joseph Fels. It asserted that bad housing, low wages and unemployment are traceable to the withholding of land from its best economic use and are aggravated by the existing system of taxation. It went on, in one of the rambling sentences which seem to be considered appropriate for resolutions, to declare that social problems are to be solved by removing rates and taxes from the food of the people and by the substitution of rating and taxation on the value of land. It reads singularly like bad rubbish. The food of the people comes from land and from land only, and to talk about taxing land in order to relieve food from taxation is an illogical absurdity which could only find an appropriate home on the other side of the Irish Channel.

How times have changed and how we have changed in them is strikingly illustrated by a comparison between the education of Edward VII. and that of his grandson, the Prince of Wales, who on Thursday entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a freshman. Acting according to the tradition prevalent at the time, Queen Victoria surrounded her son and heir with all sorts of restraints and regulations. His companions were picked for him, his studies most carefully mapped out and every care taken that he should be as much as possible under the surveillance of his tutors. King George with his son has pursued a far more liberal policy, and one more in keeping with the times. The Prince of Wales, as far as possible, will live the life of every other student at Oxford. He will choose his own friends, dine in hall, follow the pastimes that appeal to him and, as far as possible, be treated exactly like an ordinary undergraduate. This is a very healthy change. The time has long gone past when it was considered possible to train a youth up to virtue

by surrounding him with barriers that were not the less restraining because they were sometimes invisible.

Never was the Dairy Show held in weather more delightful than has been experienced this year. St. Martin has brought us a summer more charming than the weather of July or August. It was feared at one time that the existence of foot-and-mouth disease would injure the prospects of the show very greatly, but there is no sign of that being the case at Islington. A capital representation of cattle has been got together, and the permits for travel have been specially issued by the Board of Agriculture. Nor is there any sign of depression to witness to the inclemency of the weather during the most important part of the year. There is no doubt that heavy losses have been incurred, and yet the burly farmer, with his apple complexion and something about him that appears to convey the smell of ripe fruit and carried grain, looks as cheerful and happy as though he had just come to the end of a bountiful season.

The minds of those who are intimately connected with commercial fruit-growing in this country have been much exercised during the past few weeks over the keeping of apples. Signs are not wanting in many directions that these useful fruits, particularly when grown on heavy clay soil, are not likely to keep as well as usual. The reason given by some of the largest fruit-growers in the country is the excessive wet and dull weather that was experienced during August, when apples were completing their growth. An effect of the moisture has been to produce fruits softer in tissue than is desirable, with the result that they are more easily bruised when gathered and, consequently, more prone to decay. It is suggested that exceptional care should be exercised in handling apples in the store, and that the fruits should, wherever possible, and at least at the outset, be placed in single layers, so that the excessive moisture given off will have an opportunity of escaping. Last year, when the drought was excessive, apples from heavy soil kept better than those from soil of a more sandy character; but this year the condition of things is apparently reversed.

IN AN INDIAN CITY.

With one foot spurning
The potter's turning
A wooden wheel to shape the kneaded clay:

Will grass grow richer
For a little pitcher
All sadly broken on a windy day?

The goldsmith's blowing
His tube, and glowing
The metal's moulded to a tiny star:

Who will look fairer
To be its wearer,
When someone buys it in the old bazaar?

The shuttle's flying
As day is dying
The old old pattern is but half begun:

A cloth to pray on
For a child to play on
And crow again at knitters in the sun.

A. HUGH FISHER.

In years gone by the cultivation of Cape heaths was well understood by gardeners in this country, and in many places a cool greenhouse was set apart for them and other hard-wooded plants that are natives of South Africa. In recent years their cultivation has, however, been almost entirely neglected; hence the exhibition of cut sprays shown by Lady Grey at the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society on Tuesday last was of more than ordinary interest. As a demonstration of the lasting qualities of these heaths in a cut state the exhibit was particularly valuable. All the heaths were shown at an exhibition of wild flowers held at Caledon, Cape Colony, on September 14th, and were brought from there by Lady Grey. Several of the species shown were unknown to experts who were present at the exhibition, one with small rich yellow flowers creating considerable interest. Now that outdoor flowers are so largely grown in this country, it is scarcely likely that the Cape heaths will regain their erstwhile popularity, but the exhibit under notice will no doubt recall to many the quiet beauty of their flowers and the graceful habit of many of the plants.

One of our contributors, who is in the habit of receiving many enquiries from readers every time he publishes an article, has asked us to bring a little complaint of his before the public. He would have us ask those readers who are strangers and send questions to enclose an addressed envelope. Many of them send stamps, but really that is of very little importance. The difficulty is that many people are undecipherable when they write their own names. They almost take a pride in illegibility. Anyone who is at all particular is, therefore, obliged to spend a considerable amount of time in finding out the sex and address of the writer. More often than would be imagined a letter finds its way into the waste paper-basket just because the name is written in the very bad writing characteristic of the present time and the task of reading it is too formidable. We hope our readers will take due note of our contributor's complaint.

Almost simultaneously with the re-assembling of Parliament the Trade Returns for September were issued. Although the month had a working day less than September, 1911, it shows a very important advance in every department. The greatest increase is in exports, which have risen by over 17 per cent., while imports have increased by 6½ per cent., and re-exports by very nearly 3 per cent. The exports are distributed over every branch of commercial activity, and the body of trade done must be considered eminently satisfactory, even though it be true that the state of things is not confined to Great Britain, but that other countries, particularly the United States and Germany, show a corresponding activity. The main point is that the boom in trade has lasted so very long. Twenty years ago and more it was the depression that lasted a long time and the boom that came at fitful intervals; now it is the other way about. The awakening populations of the world seem to demand much more, and they are getting it.

At the nouse dinner of the Authors' Club, where he was the guest of the evening, Mr. F. C. Selous made a delightful speech on Monday night. There were many things worthy of comment in it, but the most amusing sketch was that of an old pioneer missionary who was, in the words of Mr. Selous, at once "a tophole proselytiser," and also a most energetic and active hunter of big game. On Monday he inspanned his bullocks and trekked away to the haunts of his quarry and returned to his station on Saturday. On Sunday morning the meat he had collected was hung on the beams of the great shed which served him as a church, and which was called a cathedral in his reports. Three shots from a big elephant-gun notified the natives when service was about to open. Huge congregations came to hear him, although he spoke an African native dialect which he only understood very imperfectly. When the service was over every one of the hearers was presented with a large piece of meat. Thus in early life was Mr. Selous introduced to muscular Christianity in the wilderness.

The new St. Paul's Bridge over the Thames has raised problems which seem to have been little considered by the many authorities concerned. The Postmaster-General is about to begin a new Telephone Building on the site of the old Post Office. If this goes on, the making of a long-needed street improvement, viz., a new road from Newgate Street to Liverpool Street, will be impossible save on the terms of sacrificing St. Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, one of Wren's masterpieces. Surely this is the time for cautious reflection. There must be other sites for the Telephone Department. There cannot be another Wren. The Government, which has made a good start by passing a Town-Planning Act, should be eager to apply its principles to so important a situation as the surroundings of St. Paul's Cathedral. If the Telephone Building goes forward, a mistake will be made that will cost the next generation a million to correct. There seems at least a clear case for unhurried conference between the Government, the City Corporation and the London County Council.

Prospects of autumn salmon-fishing on the Tweed are rapidly improving. We see from the current issue of one of the local papers, the *Berwick Advertiser*, that on Tuesday, October 1st, great numbers of salmon were observed at Norham Bridge making their way up river. According to an eye-witness thousands were visible. Our local contemporary says that "as the result of the previous twenty-four hours' rain both Tweed and Teviot came down in fine rousing, cleansing flood, reaching to a height of nearly six feet at Kelso Bridge and seven to eight feet further down." It possesses volume enough to clear away the last of the summer's impurities and to tempt upward the large numbers of salmon which have been congregated round Berwick Harbour and the lower reaches of the river. Since then the waters have fallen, and the indicator at Kelso

Bridge on Thursday showed that they were only about two feet above normal.

Mr. Runciman failed to satisfy the influential and numerous attended deputation which met him in the Grand Committee Room of the House of Lords on Wednesday afternoon. He made it evident that he had not fully appreciated the dismay and alarm which had been caused to agriculturists throughout the country by his withdrawal of the foot-and-mouth regulations as applied to Ireland. Mr. Henry Chaplin, who headed the deputation, the Duke of Devonshire who supported him, and a string of speakers which was very representative but rather too long, had shown that the utmost unanimity prevailed among them. Their societies had spoken with no hesitation or doubt and as one man. Mr. Runciman put against this certain private information about the losses entailed on English farmers by the difficulty of procuring store cattle. He claimed that his primary business was to attend to English and not to Irish interest. No one at the meeting asserted that he had any other intention. But if the opinions of the Norfolk graziers be put into the balance against that of the great societies, such as the Royal Agricultural and Shorthorn Societies, it would count for little.

The Minister of Agriculture did not meet the very clear objections to his policy. His defence was that the importation was now absolutely confined within the immune area, and for the checking of the movements of cattle in Ireland he relied greatly on the Irish Constabulary. There is something in all this if it were only a case of avoiding a great plague; but, unfortunately, every single case in Great Britain has to be met by a dead loss of our foreign trade, in addition to other losses and inconveniences. Nor did he speak as though he realised that foot-and-mouth is a mysterious disease of which bacteriologists cannot at present explain either the origin or the nature. Thus he offered no defence for the very searching criticism that, as it probably takes more than four days to incubate, that period spent in quarantine is obviously insufficient. Nor did he meet the valid objections made by Mr. Chaplin to allowing the cattle to be distributed over the country. It was on these points chiefly that his policy was vulnerable, and to offer so slight a defence and yet refuse to rescind his order was only to persist in the worst possible course.

TO . . .

Thou hast, in all thy ways, made manifest
So well the gold and haunted mysteries of
That land of memory and of love
Which lies, hazy with sunshine, towards the West,
That beholding thee
I watch the silver birches move,
Stirred very faintly by a wind from the sea;
And the strange bright fall
Of twilight rose and golden over all.
For round about thee clings
A gladness and a rumour of old wars,
Flash of the light sword springing from its sheath.

Born as thou art beneath
Unknown and fatal stars:
Authentically thou art the child of kings!
And all that glory which we long deemed dead,
And was no more than disinherited,
Now lives again in thee and the leaping wave,
And is most proudly on thy head
Set like a crown snatched from a grave!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

Professor Skeat had so long filled a little niche of his own in the world that his death, which took place at Cambridge on Monday night, creates a perceptible vacancy. We do not know of any philologist who will be so greatly missed. The reason perhaps is that Professor Skeat was rather an interpreter of his science to popular audiences than an original investigator. He was a voluminous writer, to whom we owe the popularisation of *Piers Plowman* in particular and many other mediæval writers. He began life as a curate, after being educated at King's College School and Highgate School. While he was an undergraduate at Christ's he came into contact with Seeley, Calverley, Walter Besant and Peile. His health suffered, and after four years' absence he went back to Cambridge as mathematical lecturer. But his bent really lay towards Anglo-Saxon, and after he was made an editor for the English Text Society, all his best energies were devoted to that study. Throughout the country he was very well known as a lecturer.

RANCHING IN ARIZONA.



I. N. Dracopoli.

PULLED UP SHARP.

Copyright.

DURING the last twenty years there have been many changes in the South-West. The spread of civilisation and the growth of law and order have banished much of its former unique character; but even to-day on many of the more remote ranches the cattle business is carried on in the same rough-and-ready manner as it was when the first settlers drove their tired and thirsty herds into the cactus-covered plains of what is now Arizona. And especially is this the case along the border-line and on the great rolling tableland that forms Southern Arizona. There are some forty million acres of grazing land here, where vast herds of cattle roam undisturbed and unhampered by fence or barbed wire. From this immense plateau rise great mountain ranges, parallel to each other, usually running from south-east to north-west. The valleys that lie between them are in many instances of great extent. The Sulphur Spring, the San Simon and the Baboquivari valleys appear as a vast plain; the mountains bordering them, though reaching often to a height of from eight thousand to nine thousand feet, are dwarfed by the great spaces that lie between them. The tablelands or "mesas" slope gently down from the mountains, and from a distance appear to be one level plain; but in reality they are penetrated in every direction by shallow valleys that narrow and deepen as the foot-hills are reached, until they become rocky and precipitous cañons that scar the mountain-sides. These immense valleys are thinly covered with grass (*Bouteloua erispoda*) and are treeless, but the foot-hills and mountain ranges are clothed, as a rule, with evergreen oaks and are devoid of undergrowth. But here, too, grass is fairly plentiful; it can easily be seen, therefore, that this

country is very suitable for range cattle. There are no towns and hardly any villages, but here and there in the valleys near the water-holes are clusters of adobe houses, with straggling corrals and barns. These are the ranches, and it is to them the cattle belong, thousands and thousands of head feeding and herding in common upon the public range. Each owner has his brand or brands, and an "ear-mark" as well, and it is the duty of his cowboys to brand his calves before they cease to run with the cows.

And so the old routine of ranch-life still continues. Morning by morning the men rise at early dawn, when the



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GALLOPING TO CUT OFF BREAKAWAY STEERS.

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BRANDING CALVES IN THE CORRAL.

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stars are still shining overhead and the chill breeze, that precedes the sunrise, is wandering in from the open spaces of the desert. They eat and then saddle up; presently they begin to go off in different directions, two by two, at the slow jog-trot which is the usual pace of the cow-puncher. Thus they ride all day long over the range, without food or water for man or beast, watching and noting the cattle, branding the calves, unmindful of the beauty of the scene through which they pass. And when the shadows lengthen and the mountains grow dim and shadowy behind the distant haze they ride in to the home ranch again untired and without haste. And all day long, too, the

cattle come straggling in to drink their fill in the corrals or to lick the salt and then wander out again, spreading out gradually fanwise as they begin to feed, until the desert swallows them up once more.

Twice each year, however, the adjacent ranches join forces, then they scour the country and gather in all the cattle upon the range into the corrals. There they are sorted out; the steers are chosen for the market and are driven into the nearest town, stray animals are driven back to their own country, perhaps a hundred miles away, and the ownership of disputed calves is settled. These "rodeos," or round-ups as they are



I. N. Dracopoli.

THREE ROPES ON ONE CALF (one throw usually suffices).

Copyright.

called, are very interesting and often exciting. The riding is magnificent, and it is astonishing to see with what accuracy the noose of the rope is thrown over the backs of perhaps a dozen wildly galloping cows to fall firmly over the horns or round the neck of the selected animal. Recognition alone would seem out of the question amid the indescribable confusion of charging animals and the thick eddies of dust that rise from the galloping hoofs, yet it is rare to see a throw fail.

The cowboys themselves are nearly all Mexicans, and they are extremely proud of their outfit. Almost all their wages go towards the purchase of huge silver "spade" bits and ornate bridles; all have elaborately carved and embossed saddles, with high pommels and straight cantles, which weigh anything between thirty-five and forty-five pounds; those who can afford them wear large silver "conchas" and queer fringes on their leather trousers and on their spur-straps. The "chaparajos," as the leather trousers are called, are a necessity in Arizona, for every bush bears thorns, some of which are poisonous, and it is impossible when galloping over the country after the cattle to avoid them all. The high-heeled riding boots worn by nearly all cowboys look rather foolish to the stranger, but they have their use, as have the huge wooden stirrups that are universally used in the West. The former prevent the feet from slipping through the stirrups, and the latter keep the feet from being crushed when forcing one's way through a tightly-packed herd.

The range system of grazing cattle, where all stock of all owners feed in common on the open plains, prevented for a long time any improvement in the animals themselves. This is easily understood, for no one owner wanted to buy bulls to improve his neighbour's herd as well as his own. But some progressive ranchers saw in the innumerable valleys that run down from the mountains a method of isolating their cattle. This done, it was easy to introduce new and better blood and improve their stock enormously.

The original cattle of the country were native Mexican herds, and the first fresh blood used was of shorthorn stock. The cross-bred animal was not only improved in colour, but in form, and ability to take on fat and hold it—a desirable quality in a steer whose end is the shambles. But the greatest improvement was brought about by the importation of Hereford bulls. In vigour, robustness and endurance their progeny are the equals of the native cattle. They stand the drought better than any other of the improved breeds, and as a "grass animal"—that is to say, one that will fatten rapidly and readily upon grass—they have no equal.

The cattle business to-day is flourishing in Arizona. Fifteen years ago yearling stock was hard to sell at sixteen shillings a head, and three year olds brought little more than forty-six shillings each. In 1907, when I first visited Arizona, the price was a little more than double the above; but last spring yearlings fetched about five pounds and three year olds from nine pounds to twelve pounds. Undoubtedly there are many opportunities in the West to-day for the right sort of men. I have met several young Americans, graduates from Harvard and Yale, who have started ranches of their own and have found the business extremely profitable; while the free and manly life of the cowboy, with its many demands on strength, courage and endurance, has a fascination all its own.

There are many young men whose natures are cramped and wasted in civilisation, and who shrink from treading the monotonous and dusty road which common-sense points out to them. Let them go out to Arizona, for surely there is no other country in the wide world that can offer them these two things—the lure of gaining wealth and the terrible fascination of the desert.

I. N. DRACOPOLI.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE UPKEEP OF GARDEN HEDGES.

TO the owner of an established garden there is no subject that is more perplexing than the proper upkeep of the boundary hedges. These hedges are usually required for protection from strong, cold winds, and in some instances from the inroads of cattle, and nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a garden than hedges that are properly cared for. Hedges of this kind naturally fall into two sections, viz., those that are newly planted and those which have been long established.

The question of cutting back young hedges at planting-time is one that is little understood, and considerable harm has not infrequently been done through ignorance. Whitethorn should be cut back severely, but Holly, Yew, Box, Beech and Arborvitæ are best left alone for at least one year, and, unless growth is very active, two years may well elapse before any pruning is done.

After the first year the treatment of a young Whitethorn hedge will depend to some extent on the height and width that it



I. N. Dracopoli.

A RANCHER IN ARIZONA.

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is desired it should attain. If a hedge only a few feet high is required, the young plants may be cut back rather severely each year, leaving from one foot to eighteen inches of fresh growth, according to the vigour and density of the plants, until the full height is attained. Where a higher hedge is desired, from eighteen inches to two feet may be left, always, however, bearing fully in mind the natural density or thinness of the Thorn plants. The object is to get a good base at the outset; if a hedge is allowed to run up too quickly, it is almost certain to become thin at the bottom, and it will be a difficult matter to subsequently induce it to thicken. Holly, Yew and Box, in their initial stages, will not need the top growths cut, unless, as is very unlikely, they are growing rapidly. The side-shoots must be shortened; the general contour of the finished hedge must be borne in mind and worked for as far as possible. If any leading or top shoots are growing away beyond the bulk, they should be cut back, and after a few years, when the hedge is nearly high enough, it will be necessary to curtail the whole. The treatment of the top must, however, rest mainly with the condition of the hedge from year to year. If it appears to be growing too fast and not dense enough, it will be wise to cut down the top or

leading growths. Arbor-vitæ and Beech need both top and sides curtailed somewhat in the young stages, as they are not naturally so dense-growing as the Holly, Yew and Box. This shortening is best done with secateurs, so that each shoot is taken out separately. Laurel, which is not a desirable plant for a garden hedge, but which is sometimes used for the purpose, particularly where a dense screen is required in a few years, must have both top and lateral growths cut back, to the same extent as advised for Whitethorns, but the work must be done with secateurs or small shears, so that each growth can be cut out separately without cutting through the leaves.

If all perennial weeds are taken from the soil before planting, little trouble will be experienced in keeping down the seedling weeds, provided they are at no time neglected. The young hedges ought to be cleared of weeds at least three times during spring, summer and autumn, and should hot, dry weather be experienced, a six-inch thick mulching of short manure on either side of the hedge, and extending outwards for at least a foot, will prove highly beneficial.

The pruning or clipping of established hedges needs some care, and should be done at the proper season to give the best results. While some kinds, notably Beech, Whitethorn, Holly, Yew and Box, will stand cutting with shears with impunity, others, such as Arbor-vitæ and Laurel, ought to be pruned with knife or secateurs. Even Holly is best done in this way if time permits, but it would be a very tedious and expensive task where large hedges had to be dealt with. Beech hedges are best trimmed during August or September, before growth gets very hard. Whitethorn ought to be cut twice, once about the end of June and again during October. Holly and Yew are best clipped in April, though they may be successfully trimmed during September or October if desired. If, however, it is necessary to cut them back rather severely, leave the work until April. Box and Arbor-vitæ are also best cut in April. Laurel should be dealt with during August, September or October. The shape of the hedge will naturally vary with the position it is to fill. As a general rule, the base should be slightly wider than the top, and except for high hedges of great density, such as Yew, Holly and Box, a flat top is preferable, though this is more or less a matter of taste. Where the kinds named attain a considerable height, it is wise to have the top slightly ridge-shaped to prevent snow accumulating there in any harmful quantity. During the autumn dead leaves have a habit of collecting at the bases of hedges, and if allowed to accumulate there year after year tend to kill off the basal growths.

Considerable harm is sometimes done to good hedges by the stopping of thin places with dead material. This only tends to kill more of the live growths and so enlarge the gap. Where a thin

place is found, some young shoots should be stretched across it in an outward direction, so that light and air can reach them, and unless the hole is a particularly bad one, the growths will not take long to fill it. But sometimes, owing to the demise of a large branch, it is necessary to do something more, and the wisest course to adopt will be to dig out a good hole, fill in with some specially-prepared soil and plant a young bush of the same kind as the hedge. In a year or two this can be trained in keeping with the general contour of the hedge.

Recently several enquiries have been made about the cutting of Box edgings, a subject that is akin to the cutting of hedges. Happily there is no necessity for hard-and-fast rules, and most gardeners now have the Box edgings clipped with shears as they require it, the work being generally done at midsummer and again in autumn. If, however, the Box has become somewhat overgrown and it is necessary to cut it back rather severely, it should be left until early in April; new growth is quickly made at that season, and any bareness that may result from the hard cutting is quickly hidden. F. W. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLAGGED PAVING.

SIR,—I note in your issue of September 28th that Mr. Algeron Dale is asking for details in connection with flagged paving for small gardens. I have recently taken a house in the garden village at Harborne, a suburb of Birmingham, and have flagged all the walks in the vicinity of the house and part of those in the lowest level of the garden, which is in three terraces. The ground at the time I commenced operations was covered with turf, and this was removed and sufficiently trenched to allow of a substratum of ashes from three inches to four inches thick being laid. The ashes were well watered and rolled, and the paths so made were allowed to stand for a few days and then rolled again. The flagging is of artificial stone, composed of concrete slabs about two inches thick, made from granite chippings, cement and sand. Many of the slabs are coloured, terra-cotta, pink, brown, etc., their natural colour being a pleasing grey. They were delivered in a whole condition, but were broken up on the site to form a "random pavement." The method of laying them was simply to spread mortar on the surface of the ash path to a depth of about five-eighths of an inch, the outer edges of the spreading being slightly thicker than the centre, to ensure the piece of stone when laid not having any "rock" in it. Each piece as laid was rammed down to its proper level with a wooden rammer, the pavement as a whole being given a fall in one direction (its narrow way) to enable the surface to dry off quickly. I enclose a photograph showing one of the walks. This method of laying has so far proved quite satisfactory, and the paving does not appear to have suffered from last winter's frosts and snow, or this summer's excessive rain. I do not see the necessity for laying down four inches of concrete as suggested by your correspondent, and the cost of so doing would make this form of pavement well-nigh prohibitive to owners of small gardens. In order to allow of grass and moss growing in the interstices of the pavement I have just raked out the mortar and refilled the chinks with mould, and this appears to have answered fairly well. The approximate cost of this pavement was 4s. 6d. per square yard laid.—A. P. MARKS.

[Mr. Marks' experience confirms our opinion that a bed of concrete under the paving is not needed, but the deliberate breaking of the concrete slabs and the "random" laying of the fragments is surely unnecessary. As the flags are of various colours, this treatment must recall the appearance of a patch-work quilt. Random flagging seems justifiable only when the stone comes from the quarry in uneven shapes, and is of a nature that does not lend itself naturally to being cut into rectangular slabs.—Ed.]

SIR,—I have noticed your query as to the making of a flagged path and Mr. F. R. White's reply. I have had some little experience in the use of flagged paths for gardens, and I have never found it necessary to use a concrete foundation. I do not think there is any need to go to this expense. The earth over which you are placing the stones should be well rolled down. If you were making a



A FLAGGED PATH.



CATMINT ON A LOW WALL (*Nepeta Mussinii*).

gavel walk you would thoroughly roll your path, then you would add your gravel. For flagged paths or courts, thoroughly roll the part that is to be flagged, then lay your flagstones on the top. I am very sorry to see the constant use of broken flagstones; the recent craze for their use is surely foolish. You take a flagstone and you place it in position, and then you break it up with a rammer. What an extraordinarily silly thing to do. Why break it up? Do you want to have a sort of imitation rock garden on the flat, or do you want to have a paved path to walk on? COUNTRY LIFE is generally careful in the photographs it shows, and, I fancy, does the architect or garden-designer full justice, owing to the clever points of view that are chosen in your illustrations; but even COUNTRY LIFE has been showing too many of these broken-up flagged

paths without any comment or strong objection to their use. Take the work of men who really can lay out gardens—you will rarely find this broken pavement; it is only in the poorly-designed garden you will find these effects. They seem to me justifiable only when the stone comes from the quarry in random shapes and is of a nature that makes it difficult to square the flags.—LINDIS.

CATMINT.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of the catmint, *Nepeta Muscari*, growing in an old dry wall. This plant, with its lavender blue flowers, is particularly pleasing during the summer months. It seems to like a warm, rather dry situation.—K. G.

A DAY WITH THE DOTTEREL.

AT 5 a.m. on a cold, bleak morning last June we left the bothy situated in one of the rugged glens of the Grampians, where we had spent the night. The hill-tops were still veiled in mist, but our pocket aneroid stood high and gave us hopes of a fine day. As we tramped along the rough track by a lonely mountain loch we heard the loud clear call of the greenshank, and looking down the water-side we saw one of the birds perched on a high stone dipping swift courtesies. He seemed much disturbed by our presence; no doubt his mate was attending to young ones not far off, and he was concerned for their safety. However, we were out in search of the dotterel, and so pushed on up the steep path, leaving the greenshank in peace. We passed a lovely pair of wheatears with food in their mouths—evidently still feeding a late brood—and disturbed a pair of sandpipers in their hunt for breakfast. As we climbed upwards the ptarmigan took the place of his more low-land brother, the grouse. His protective colouring is so effective among the rocks that it is difficult to see him even within a few feet, and it is only when he rises that his presence is noticed.

By seven o'clock we had reached the wide plateau, three thousand three hundred feet high, where we expected to find the dotterel nesting. By this time the mist had lifted, and we hoped that the sun would shortly break through. A party of six ptarmigan, surprised by our presence, flew off round the hillside, uttering harsh croaks of resentment. No doubt they were unemployed males. We had only been walking across the plateau about ten minutes when we heard the call of



BROODING ON HER YOUNG BESIDE THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CAP.

the dotterel, a note resembling the squeaking of a wheel-barrow that has not been oiled. The bird itself was soon seen flying overhead at a good height, making towards the south. We set off in the same direction, and walked about half a mile without seeing any further signs of life. Then a ptarmigan sprang up about ten yards away and ran before us in an ungainly fashion, with one wing drooping as if badly wounded. Knowing the wariness and tricks of some birds when nesting, we stood still and looked around. Before long we detected two very young chicks hiding among the short crisp grass, and a further search brought the number up to five. We thought them too young to photograph, and watched them being led off some distance by their anxious parent, when they were all suddenly lost to view; they had evidently been given the order to crouch flat again.

We had just reached a slight elevation when we noticed a small bird running, mouse-like, among the stones about a hundred yards away. With the binoculars we made it out to be a dotterel, and from its stealthy movements we felt sure that it had a nest not far off. Like many others of the wader family, the dotterel tries to conceal the position of its nest by stealthy retreat on the approach of intruders. Accordingly, we lay down behind a rock which formed a convenient hiding-place, and watched the bird through the binoculars. After watching about twenty minutes we were rewarded by seeing it settle down, and, having carefully noted the spot, we ran forward and soon found the nest with three finely-marked eggs. The nest itself was merely a slight hollow scraped in the coarse moss which grows at these elevations, and the eggs, apparently quite fresh, were dark cream or yellowish olive, thickly blotched with dark brown. After taking some photographs of the nest and eggs I set up my camera, focussed on the nest and made



DOTTEREL AND YOUNG.

it as inconspicuous as possible with tufts of moss and small stones, and after setting the release with a thread drawn across the nest, so that the bird might take its own photograph when it returned, we made our way further south across the plateau.

I have heard it said that dotterel are seldom seen or heard in dull, cold weather, and this certainly seemed to be the case that day, for we saw no more birds till the clouds broke up and the sun shone out as we reached the far end of the plateau. On our way back we saw and heard several dotterel in places which we had passed on the way out without seeing any sign of bird-life. No sooner had the sun appeared than we heard a call in front of us, and a little further on we saw a dotterel, scarcely two yards away. Instead of flying, it ran about quite near us with one wing drooping and uttering a plaintive cry. My friend stood still where we had first seen it, while I followed to see whether the bird was really wounded or merely shamming. It allowed me to get within five yards, and then, as I broke into a run, it rose and flew round us, still calling its plaintive alarm, only to alight and run in front of us again as if crippled. This time we paid no attention to the parent, but began a systematic search for the young ones. After some time we succeeded in finding two chicks. They were very young, probably not more than two days old, so we deemed it wise to leave them at once without attempting any photographs, as the wind was bitterly cold. Young dotterel bear a close resemblance to young red-shank, but are lighter in colour. In Scandinavia and other breeding haunts the dotterel occasionally has a clutch of four, but in Great Britain the number of eggs never exceeds three. There was probably a third chick of this brood, but it evaded all our efforts to find it.

It was now past twelve o'clock, and as we retraced our steps across the plateau the weather gradually improved, and the sun shone out at frequent intervals. We came across a ptarmigan with four good-sized chicks, and spent some time getting photographs of them. It was by no means easy work, for there always seemed to be one that had some urgent business which necessitated his leaving the family group.

Leaving them to the care of the mother, we were not long in finding another family of ptarmigan and two more families of dotterel. The parent in charge, and in each case there was only one, tried to lure us away from the young ones by pretence of a broken wing. We next saw a pair of golden plovers sitting some distance away, uttering their plaintive cry, which in the solitude gave one a feeling of eeriness.

By two o'clock we were back at our first nest, only to find that the dotterel had not returned to her eggs, but was still stealing warily about in the vicinity. I had little fear for the eggs, as they appeared quite fresh, and on returning next day I found them quite warm, but the bird was still very shy. Round the corner of the hill we came upon the now familiar sight of a dotterel pretending to be wounded. This one, however, attracted our attention particularly, as it was much bolder than the others, and approached within a very few yards of us. A ten minutes' search revealed a fine little chick well hidden behind some short grass. Intending to get some photographs of the little fellow, we imprisoned him beneath a tweed cap while getting out our apparatus. Very soon we realised that the parent was an exceptionally bold bird, so instead of photographing the young one, we set up our cameras and waited.

The old bird kept up a constant plaintive note, which was responded to by "cheeps" from the young one under the cap. She came nearer and nearer, until after twenty minutes she ran close up to the cap and called on her young one. Finding its

mother so near, the chick made a superlative effort and succeeded in scrambling out. The joy of the parent at finding the young one again was very evident, and instead of leading it away she settled down and brooded beside the cap within two yards of us. We seized the opportunity, and took several photographs of this interesting position. The old bird kept on



MOTHER BIRD APPROACHING YOUNG.

calling constantly, and with each note the throat feathers stood out in a wonderful fashion.

After waiting about half-an-hour we determined to try to move the cap without frightening the bird. So, taking one of the legs of the camera-stand, I reached it out slowly, and was just drawing away the cap when the dotterel took fright and ran some distance off, followed by her young one. We caught the chick, and by means of a thin piece of wool and a match tethered it within working distance of our cameras. We had hardly retired behind our cameras when it was again rejoined by the parent, who showed considerable astonishment that the young bird was not able to follow her; but, making the best of a bad situation, she sat down there and then and brooded in full view of us and our cameras. We commenced photographic work in earnest, and soon used up all our plates. After being beside this interesting pair for over an hour and a-half, we released the young one, and had great pleasure in seeing it being led away by its doting parent.

Well satisfied with our luck, we packed up our apparatus and made for lower ground. As we passed some high crags



CHICK HIDING AMONG LOOSE STONES.

near one of the summits an eagle soared out, and, flying upwards in great circles, was lost to sight in the clouds. We soon got down to the valley, finding the descent much quicker work than the ascent, and as we walked along the rough cart track we remarked on our good luck in having seen in one day four sets of nesting dotterel.

A. M. STEWART.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

LOT 61.

BY

ELIZABETH KIRK.



A PAIR of shabby, four-step folding steps! And I bidding against the eager little crowd as no enthusiast in antiques ever bid for Chippendale or

Wedgwood! A long story, to be told in few words.

"Which shall we sell, Jem?"

"Why! the old ones, of course," I said.

We, Rosamund and I, were examining two pairs of steps, duplicates, four-step folding steps. Had I looked more closely I should have said, "The old ones are the better, Rosamund," but I was preoccupied, so "The old ones, of course," I said. It was a week after we had left the dear farmstead, among orchards and meadows, rich in gables and oak beams, with casement windows and prim box-edged pathway, and had taken the red-brick villa tiled with precise grey slates in Suburbia. It was all very sad and upheaving. Rosamund was fast finding compensation in brass taps, which she frequently turned on for the wanton pleasure of seeing the water run out, a gas-stove with a grill for toast and a bath—as the advertisements put it—"h. and c.)."

Rosamund declared that she believed living in a town would give her fresh ideas for her pen, and I—Ah! for my easel there was no place on asphalted roads or stone-paved paths. Rosamund told me, with graceful solicitude, that I need not despair. "For now," said she, "you can paint from the life, Jem, and it's painting pork butchers and eminent surgeons that brings an artist into notoriety nowadays." I knew she was right, but my aspirations did not soar to either pork butchers or eminent surgeons.

In the throes of the move, even as the pantehnicians were unloading, it was borne in upon us that the little square house was quite inadequate to the furniture of the rambling old farmstead, so some big pieces which held no dear associations for us, as well as a lot of lumber, we decided to sell. Among this lumber was the pair of folding steps. We had plenty of others of various sizes—six steps, five steps, three steps and so on—and finding that we had duplicate four-steps, we decided to sell one pair. So, "The old ones, of course," I said.

On the evening that the dealer in second-hand furniture had relieved us of our surplus stock, "Jem," said Rosamund, "how kind everybody has been in helping us over this move. It was awfully good of the Chestertons to give us *carte blanche* of their house during this upheaval; and of the Rawlinsons to send us those pigeons in the casserole, with bread sauce and chipped potatoes all ready to eat; and Dick Nethersoll, too, to bring the cord and brass hangers, and even his own folding steps, and out the pictures up. Really, Jem, people say that you have to be ill to find out your friends, but I think you have to move! Why, I wonder, is everybody so kind to us?"

"Because you're so kind to everybody," I told her; "like begets like, Rosie," and I pinched her cheek.

From this homely little action you see that Rosamund and I were still lovers, for the man who scolds or ill-treats his wife never pinches her cheek in private, whatever he may do to keep up appearances when he is out in company.

We had the usual few weeks of discomfort, hunting for lost treasures and eating our meals from clothless tables and odd china; but at last along came the happy day that Rosamund settled to her pen and I to my easel. And then this happened. Rosamund, ticking out the words on her typewriter, which she hoped would meet acceptance from one of the "weeklies," heard a voice in the hall. She heard, "The master says, can I take back his steps?" and guessed at once that it was the Nethersolls' garden boy. "Of course, Jane," she said. "Mr. Nethersoll's steps are— Oh! somewhere! Find them, and send them back with my apologies. They ought to have been returned long ago."

She told me that she felt irritable at the interruption; but imagine, then, how doubly irritable she must have been when Jane clambered up the stairs to her study, and said, "He says none on 'em ain't his."

There was clearly nothing left for Rosamund to do but to leave her foolscap and typewriter and to go down. She confronted the boy.

"You know the steps when you see them?" she enquired.

"Sure-ly," said the boy. In that part of Suffolk they always say "Sure-ly."

"Come, then," said Rosamund, "and identify them." The boy now hung back. He had heard of identifying things—and people—and evidently didn't want to be mixed up with that kind of thing. So he lagged. "Come!" cried Rosamund, "come!" There was, I expect, impatient authority in her tones, and the boy went. After slowly surveying all the steps Rosamund could produce, he told her just as he had told Jane. "None on 'em ain't his," he said.

Rosamund told me that when the boy spoke those words she felt just as Jane says she sometimes feels, that you could have knocked her down with a feather; but she rose to the emergency of the moment.

"Take this pair of steps," she said, "and tell your master that I've lost—no, *mislaid* his steps. Will he kindly use these till I can find his?" There was no alternative but for the boy to yield. But Rosamund! She laughed till she cried when she told me. "Mislaid!" she exclaimed. "Now, Jem, how *could* I mislay a pair of folding steps in a villa containing four bedrooms, two parlours, a kitchen and a bath (h. and c.)? Where could I mislay them?" It was, as she said, ridiculously futile, and she laughed till she cried in the telling.

The next day. . . . "What of Dick Nethersoll's steps?" I enquired, with feigned nonchalance.

"I can find them nowhere," answered Rosamund. "I've turned the place upside down" (fortunately the house bore no traces of her handiwork). "I've turned the place upside down, and can't see a trace of them. They're lost."

"Dear Rosie," I said, and some inner emotion urged me to be very tender. "Dear Rosie, do you remember Carrington's coat?"

She flushed furiously. "Carrington's coat has nothing to do with Dick Nethersoll's folding steps," she made reply.

"It's an exactly similar case," I answered.

"How?" she enquired; "how do you mean, Jem?"

"You sold Carrington's coat to a rag and bone man when you found it lying about in the tool-shed," I replied, with brutal plain speaking, remembering the old gardener's consternation when he, ready to go home for dinner, could find no coat, "and you've sold Dick Nethersoll's steps to the furniture dealer. For any money, Rosamund. For any money." I slapped my hand on my knee in ecstasy of humour, but at once was repentant, for Rosamund was tearful.

"If you really think that, Jem," she sobbed, "you're a brute to jest. It may mean, it may even mean that he has sold them again, and I shall never—oh! bother Dick Nethersoll and his steps too! I may never be able to trace them. Oh! Jem, don't laugh at me, but tell me what to do."

"You'll do the one possible thing under the circumstances," I told her, "and if it were not that I must catch the fading light on those firs, I'd do it for you. Take the car right away to the dealer, and tell him you've sold a pair of steps that don't belong to you. And reclaim them. It'll be quite all right, and everything will end well," I added, with feigned optimism.

At dinner Rosamund told me all about it.

"I went," she said, "to the horrid second-hand place and asked him . . ."

"I said, *tell* him," I interrupted; "you should have taken my advice, Rosamund; I'm a man of the world, and know these dealers."

"Oh! be quiet, do!" cried Rosamund, with some show of temper. "Oh! be quiet, do, Jem. I asked him had he a pair of steps among my things, and he at once said there were no steps among that litter. Wasn't it rude of him?"

I agreed.

"Then," she continued, "I was on my knees, and that, of course, pleased him. 'I've done such a stupid thing,' I said. 'I've sold you a pair of steps that were not mine to sell. Please look them up among your lists. I'm quite willing to buy them back at your own price. I must pay for my stupidity.'"

Immediately, *immediately* he looked down his pocket-book and affected to read. By and by: "Steps," he said. "Ah! folding steps," and produced a pair.

My heart palpitated as I examined them. "These are three steps!" I cried, "mine were four."

"Half a mo'!" said he, and disappeared among his lumber. He came back shortly. The steps, he announced, were sold the day after he purchased them.

"Sold! Sold?"

"Sold," he repeated, eyeing me narrowly.

"To whom?"

"To number thirty-five, Deepening Road," he answered, and Jem, the wretch, was laughing.

I neither waited for further parley, nor to interpret the coarse smile on his ugly features, but hailed the next car and went to Deepening Road.

Thirty-five was a bigger villa than ours and more imposing, and I was distressed and tired. At the request of a little maid that I would sit down and Missis would be here "to oncet," I sat down and let my eyes rest on the pergola of roses in the tiny trim garden. Soon the Missis appeared. She was a showy little woman, from the golden transformation to her Cuban heels, but there was a wistfulness about the pretty made-up face and something in the gay little worldling that laid hold on my sympathies.

My story was briefly told . . . and hers!

Fergusson Dalrymple was the husband of the owner of the transformation and Cuban heels, and Fergusson, so she told me, had bought her the steps to train up her roses on her "pagoda." Pagoda, Jem! Further, that, being in pressing need of cash to pay a few little bills of which Fergusson knew nothing, she had, after training up the roses, sold the steps, with a few odds and ends, to a friend in the country. But she would not have Fergusson know, "for nuts!" added Fergusson's wife.

She was quite willing to give me the address of the friend to whom they had gone, and hoped if I really wanted the steps (they were old, rickety and splashed with green paint) that I should be able to retrace them. "And this," added Rosamund, "is the address, Jem."

Together we scanned the crumpled paper, Rosamund's dear face close to mine. Cherry Orchard, Dallinghoo, Jem. And they were sent off a week ago.

"Where," I asked, "on the face of this earth is Dallinghoo?"

"Five miles from everywhere," said Rosamund, her voice filled with tragic despair. "Oh! Jem, let's give it up, and tell Dick everything. Then we'll buy him a new pair of steps."

"Never! Never!" I told her, "and you a soldier's daughter! For shame, Rosamund. We'll fight the thing through. We'll go to the place that's five miles from everywhere, and buy them back."

"But how?"

"Oh! in a car, I suppose."

"But . . . the cost, Jem!"

"Nothing!" I protested; "a mere flea-bite to artists and authors, Rosamund. See, I've an inspiration. You take your note-book and put up my camera and some canvases. The thing shall pay its own expenses, little woman." And it did. The jaunt came off in the dispiriting downpour of a record September rain. We hired the motor and were borne on swift tires to the village five miles from everywhere. We were soon at Cherry Orchard. The blossoms, which had once shimmered like fleecy clouds against blue skies, were long since shed, and the red ripe fruit was gathered. The trees bore the impress of late summer, and the leaves drooped and shivered among brown branches, beneath driving rain and wind. The orchard was partially submerged. The year was 1912.

Here we were confronted by a dilemma. Cherry Orchard, or, rather, all its household effects, were in the hands of a salesman, and within a barn attached to the outbuildings were stacked the various "lots." I procured a catalogue and investigated. Suddenly, "Here they are!" cried Rosamund. "Here they are! Lot 61." We had found them. Here were the splashes of green paint, and here the marks of the nails in the soles of Dick Nethersoll's garden boots. Old, rickety, time-worn; but the four-step steps. They might once have cost five shillings. The sale was proceeding, the selling up of a small farmer's holding. The man who had farmed Cherry Orchard had in one short summer witnessed the destruction of hay, fruit and corn crops. His potatoes were diseased, his pasture land flooded. From our standing-place we looked beyond to a field in which stood his shocks of wheat half buried by water. I noticed with grim admiration the reflections. The auctioneer, witty and not too refined, was using his persuasive arts to secure high bidding. His waggery lent a semblance of mirth to a scene otherwise pregnant with despairing sadness. For at the rear of the crowd and close to Rosamund and me stood a girl, and beside her a man. The man's face was stern, and his air stolid, almost vindictive . . . but the girl! She covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the horror and shame that had overwhelmed her, as the cherished relics of "home" were snatched by ruthless purchasers from her for ever.

A child's high chair was held aloft, and offers solicited with coarse, suggestive humour. Who among the bidders would like the little chair? He would make the first offer himself—one shilling! and then on till at four shillings it was knocked down under the hammer to a young woman who carried on her arm a strapping boy.

The girl near us had stood motionless, her eyes strained, her lips white and dry; but now her bosom heaved and I saw her hands clenched as she spoke to the man at her side. "The bar that fastened him in," she said, "the scratches of his spoon as he ate

his sop; the marks of the little rogue's feet on the ledge! Oh! Solomon, my heart will break!"

The few heart-wrung words softened the man's hard mood. He leant towards her with rough solicitude. "The little chap . . ." he began, but could get no further. By a gesture only could he offer the consolation his voice refused to speak. He took the girl's hand in his own and held it close. Rosie came nearer to me, and somehow, just then, I dare not meet her eyes. At last! Lot 61, and we moved forward. "Dick Nethersoll's steps to be purchased at all costs!" I whispered, and the bidding began.

The auctioneer, I think, saw from the first the urgency of my case and traded on it. He dwelt quite unnecessarily on the strength, the usefulness, even the beauty of those folding steps. "Everyone," he declared, "needs folding steps. Not a house is complete without them. Steps for hanging curtains, or dusting behind the pictures! For gathering the apples or for storing your jam from tricky fingers! For whitewashing the ceiling or papering the parlour! Steps, especially four-step steps, are the requisite of every well-organised household!"

Up ran the bidding. Rosamund kept pulling my sleeve. "Don't!" she cried, "don't go any higher!" but with a courage born of recklessness I bid on. By nod or gesture or spoken word I showed the crowd that at all costs, *at all costs*, those steps must be mine. Then a wink from the auctioneer, a falling off of bidders, a tap of the hammer, . . . and Dick Nethersoll's steps were reclaimed.

"Jem," said Rosamund, "Jem," we had moved to the outside of the little crowd and I was mopping the sweat from my brow, albeit the day was cold, "what a lot they've cost us." She knew not whether to laugh or cry. Her lips were mirthful, but her eyes held tears as they followed tenderly the girl who had told Solomon that her heart was breaking.

"Rosamund," I made answer, "take this as a presupposed rule. If you really mean to have a thing you must pay for it. It's not the value of the thing, it's the greatness of your need that you pay for. Don't you remember in the case of Carrington's coat . . .?"

She put her finger to my lips. "Hush! Hush!" she whispered. We fixed the steps into the car and sped homewards. They were ours again, though not exactly for the asking. And that evening we sent them back to Dick Nethersoll with a polite apology for having kept them so long. We mentioned neither losing nor mislaying them, for we wished to solicit no enquiries. The wound was too recent and too deep to admit of any probing.

But . . . the next day, "Rosamund," I said, bending over her and the typewriter on which her pretty fingers were tapping out her inspirations, "Rosamund, what is it now? A classic?"

Her fingers stilled and she was a moment silent, then, "A classic?" she answered. "No, Jem, hardly that; but a story of true life, which may or may not be accepted."

"And its title?" I queried, tilting up her chin so that I might the better look into her eyes.

They were full of mirth. "I call it," she said, "Retracing his Steps."

SUFFOLK RUSKS, DUMPLINGS, PUDDINGS AND PIES.

THERE are very few dishes peculiar to Suffolk, the only two I know of are rusks and Suffolk dumplings. The chief food of the people in the country districts consists of pork, generally boiled, and vegetables. On the coast, where there are many fishing villages, fish is greatly used as food, especially during the winter months, when the herring fisheries are proceeding. Also a great number of sprats are used. In a great many places the people have no oven, and can only bake other foods when making bread, about once a week, in brick ovens. In these cases, of course, the chief methods of cooking employed must be frying or boiling. One recipe we give to children, which they seem to like very much, is for

COLCANNON,

a method of using up cold potatoes and greens. Mash potatoes and greens thoroughly together with a wooden spoon. Add pepper and salt to season and a small piece of dripping. Grease a basin and line it with browned bread-crumbs. Put the mixture in, pressing it well together, and bake in a fairly hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes; then turn out and serve very hot.

SUFFOLK DUMPLINGS,

made of ordinary dough, generally pieces taken when bread is being made. Make dough into balls, throw into boiling water and allow to boil three-quarters of an hour. Serve very hot with gravy, syrup, or jam.

RUSKS.

1lb. flour, ½lb. fat, one tablespoonful baking powder, milk, pinch salt. *Method.*—Rub fat into flour, add salt and baking powder; mix with milk to a fairly stiff dough. Roll out till about

half an inch thick. Cut into rounds size of half-a-crown, and bake in a hot oven ten to fifteen minutes. They may be eaten either as they are or split open with two forks, returned to the oven and baked till a light brown.

Some dishes we are trying to introduce with the children, which seem to be fairly successful, are macaroni cheese, homeopathic pudding, fruit in batter and toad-in-the-hole.

MACARONI CHEESE.

2oz. cheese, quarter-pint milk, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fat, 3oz. macaroni. *Method.*—Break macaroni into pieces about an inch long, drop into boiling salted water and cook quickly for about ten minutes or till soft; then strain thoroughly, grate cheese, put fat into a saucepan to melt, then add flour and mix well. Stir milk in slowly, and boil till it thickens; add salt and pepper, macaroni and half grated cheese. Turn into a piedish, sprinkle with rest of cheese and put into oven or in front of fire till slightly brown on top.

FRUIT IN BATTER.

Any fruit in season. *Batter.*—One pint milk, 6oz. flour, one or two eggs, pinch salt, 1oz. sugar, one teaspoonful baking powder.

Prepare fruit by cutting into pieces about 1in. square. Put flour into basin, add salt and baking powder, beat egg and add milk to it, then pour into flour, mixing carefully all the time. Beat for about ten minutes; add fruit and sugar. Grease a pudding basin, and turn the mixture into it, cover with a greased paper cap and steam one hour and a-half.

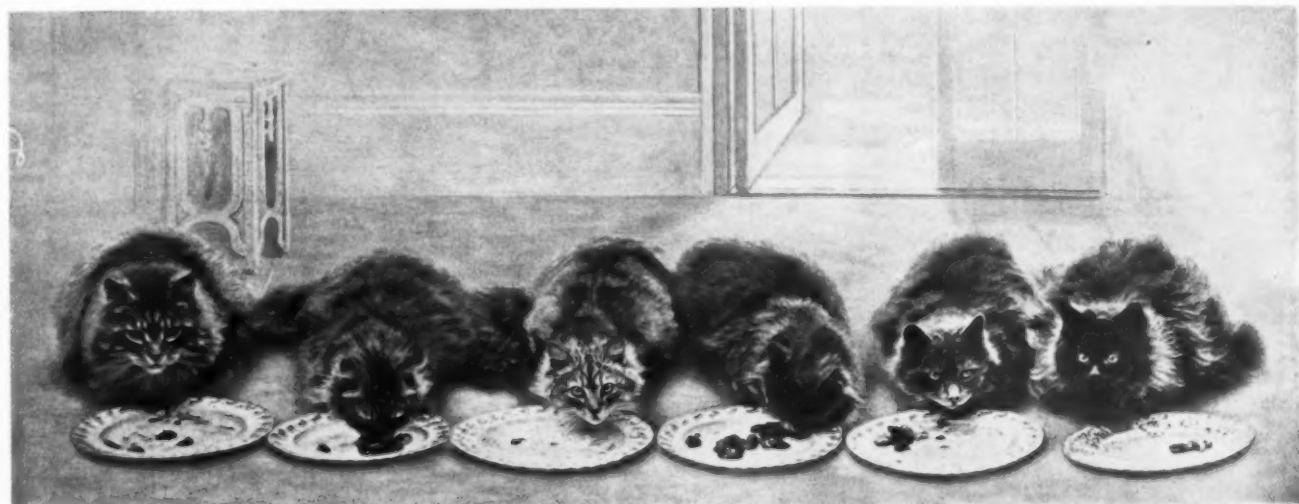
TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE.

Batter as above. Sausage meat or cold meat (the cold meat is used cut into strips). Grease a piedish and stand meat in it; pour batter over, and bake in a hot oven three-quarters of an hour.

HOMCEPATHIC PUDDING.

Any fruit in season, sugar, slices of bread. *Method.*—Stew the fruit till soft, then add sufficient sugar to sweeten. Line a cake-tin or basin with bread, pour the stewed fruit in and bake or steam half-an-hour. This may be served with a custard made of one pint milk, one egg, one table-spoonful cornflour, sugar. Mix cornflour with milk and boil, stirring all the time. Cook about three minutes, then add sufficient sugar to sweeten (about 1oz.); add egg carefully, then set to cool. F. M. R.

THE EVOLUTION OF FANCY CATS.



A DISTINGUISHED DINNER PARTY.

BY the Ancient Egyptians the cat was considered sacred, it had its special goddess, was sculptured and painted and, at death, embalmed. Capital punishment was inflicted for killing a cat. The reason for this exaggerated worship is not difficult to discover. Egypt was at that period practically the granary of the whole world. The cat preserved the corn from being devoured by mice; hence this keen appreciation of its service.

Cats are believed to have been first brought into England from Cyprus by merchants who came to Cornwall for tin. It is generally supposed the name is Teutonic. If so, it is a curious coincidence that the modern Persian word for cat is "catto." In our own country, in the Middle Ages, the penalty for killing a cat was the forfeit of an ewe, or a fine of as much wheat as would be required to cover the cat when it was held up by the tip of the tail with the nose touching the ground. But there is a darker side to the position of the cat in these earlier days, the black cat in particular being marked out for execration. Popular folk-lore was responsible for the belief that the Prince of Darkness, intent on creation on his own account, only succeeded in the manufacture of a black cat; in consequence of this, black cats became—

with skulls—the emblems of witchcraft; the black cat was reputed the Familiar of the witch and, on occasions, her steed. The witchery of female beauty is yet associated with the Grimalkin of sable hue, for in the North of England a still popular distich runs:

Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack.

The cat has ever been a symbol of liberty, both with the Ancient Romans, in revolutionary France, and among the unconquered and unconquerable Highlanders. The cat-fancier, as understood to-day, is a modern evolution; but surely the spirit has stirred faintly for some generations past? La Belle Stewart, the Britannia of our coinage, was certainly the first to endow her pet cats, if not the first person to provide by will for any pet animal. She was rivalled a century later by Mistress Toft, a public singer, who formally pensioned off no less than twenty gallant mousers.

Nor Niobe mourned more for fourteen brats,
Nor Mistress Toft to leave her twenty cats,
as Peter Pinder unkindly sings. At the present time the Austrian Government allows a certain sum for the maintenance of official cats in granaries and other public buildings, and its example is emulated by the Viennese authorities.

The cat of to-day occupies, domestically, an important position; those of



SIAMESE.

the Persian variety in particular are carefully treated, scientifically bred and well looked after. Their enthusiastic patrons have formed clubs and registers to improve their various colours and breeds, and to register their pedigrees. The first cat show was held on July 16th, 1871. It was during the summer of that year that the late Mr. Harrison Weir conceived the idea of it. "A show," quoting his own words, "that was to be held so that the different breeds, colours and markings might be more carefully attended to, and the domestic cat, sitting in front of the fire, would then possess a beauty and an attractiveness to its owner, unobserved and unknown, because uncultivated, heretofore." Mr. Weir was successful in inducing the Crystal Palace Company to give his scheme support, and he and his brother, Mr. J. J. Weir, and the Rev. J. Macdonald acted as judges "without fee, gratuity or reward." The Crystal Palace Company were so pleased with the result that they presented Mr. Weir with a large silver tankard in token of their approval of his exertions.



SHORT-HAIRED SILVER TABBY.

Since that date shows have been more or less frequent. The present-day breed of long-haired cats has been evolved by the crossing of the two long-haired breeds, the Angora and the Persian; for though long-haired cats are frequently called by the latter name, it is more correct to speak of them merely as long-hairs. The classes given for long-haired cats at shows are generally as follows: White, Black, Blue, Chinchilla, Smoke, Brown Silver and Orange tabbies, Cream, self Orange, Tortoiseshell and Tortoiseshell and White. With the exception of Chinchilla, Smoke and self and shaded Orange, the same classification is used for the short-haired variety, but this section also includes several distinct breeds of short-hairs—the Siamese, the Manx, the blue Russian and the Abyssinian.

To be a perfect type, the long-haired cat should have a cobby build of body and be low on the legs, which, especially in males, should be massive; the paws should be large and broad, with tufts of hair between the toes; the neck-ruff should be full; the tail short and broad; the head and face should be broad, with great width between the eyes, and also between the ears, while the latter should be tufted with hair; the nose short and



FROM THE ISLE OF MAN.

broad, the eyes round and large, the cheeks well developed. Of cats of the long-haired type, the Blue is the most popular. The term "Blue" may be, perhaps, to those unfamiliar with the strain, misleading. The colour is really a slate that varies in shade. Some judges prefer a dark blue; others the light or medium tint. The first Blue cats to be specially noticed in England were some exhibited nearly thirty years ago in a class for variety, though for centuries they had been bred by the Carthusian monks. They steadily increased in popularity, and at length their owners induced the Crystal Palace

authorities, at the show which was held under their auspices in 1889, to give a special class for Blues. Could the prize-winning blue long-hairs of these past days and our present-day winners be compared together, it would be seen that great progress has been made. One of the principal points in a blue cat is soundness of colour. By this is meant that from the root to the tip the fur should be of one colour, and not noticeably darker at the tip than at the root. Another very important point is the eye colour. This should be of a deep orange or copper colour, the darker the better; a green-eyed Blue, however beautiful in other respects, would stand no chance when compared with one whose eyes were of the correct hue. No Blue—in fact, no long-haired cat—should be exhibited when not in full coat. There is a society which aims at the improvement of the breed, called the Blue Persian Society; it is strong in numbers, frequently guarantees classes for Blues at shows, and offers special prizes for the best exhibits shown by its members. The subscription is five shillings a year, and intending members' names are submitted to the committee and voted upon before entrance to club membership is granted.



CHINCILLA.



BLUE PERSIAN.

In point of popularity, the Chinchilla, or Silver, ranks next in order. The breed is a somewhat more recent one than the Blue. It was not until 1894 that the National Cat Club gave separate classes for this variety, at the instance, we believe, of Miss D. B. Gresham (now Mrs. Balding), who was mainly responsible for starting the then new colour. The designation "Chinchilla" is somewhat a misnomer; at one time Lady Marcus Beresford's Cat Club introduced the term of Self silver for the pale hue and Shaded silver for the darker ones. Frequently

they are called, by those not knowing the technical name, pale French grey, a term that gives some idea of the beautiful lavender shade so desirable in the Chinchilla cat. These beautiful cats were originally bred from Smokes and Silver tabby cats who were deficient in markings. In the early days of the breed there were many crosses in colour, there not being sufficient females of the Chinchilla variety for those desirous of breeding such kittens. That is completely a thing of the past. The eye colour of Chinchilla cats should be green—the deeper the green the more beautiful is the effect against the silver fur. A yellow or hazel eyed Chinchilla, however pale, is heavily handicapped when exhibited. In Chinchilla breeding or exhibiting, the standard aimed at is freedom from markings, particularly on the forehead and fore legs. Being descended from tabby ancestors, these markings frequently crop up where least expected. By careful selection during the last few years this fault has been nearly eradicated in most of our principal chinchilla winners. The writer, after many years of experience, can recommend long-haired cats as docile and intelligent. They are neither bad-tempered nor stupid, as they are rumoured to be. There is more uncertainty in breeding chinchillas—the factor of heredity having to be reckoned with—than in any other breed and to many this is, perhaps, one of their chief charms.

For exhibition purposes the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy divides cats into two sections—long-haired and short-haired. Each of these two sections is divided into thirteen separate varieties, the long-hairs by colour only; and the thirteen colours for which the Council gives a separate classification at shows are as follows: (1) Black, (2) white, (3) blue, (4) red or orange, (5) cream, (6) smoke, (7) silver tabby, (8) brown tabby, (9) red or orange tabby, (10) Chinchilla, (11) tortoiseshell (12) tortoiseshell and white, (13) any other colour.

In the short-haired section the cats are not only divided by colour, but there are also four distinct breeds, which are totally unrelated to our British cats: *The Blue Russian*, which

has entirely different characteristics to the British short-haired blue. The Russian cat's coat is short and plush-like, the head is narrower and the whole shape different to that of the British cat. *The Abyssinian* cat is lighter in make and narrower in head than the British cat. Its colours are brown and silver. The brown is rufous in shade, the silver is a darkish grey, the points of the fur are tipped with black, and there should be no stripes with the exception of one on the spine. The silver is the rarer of the two colours. *The Siamese* cat is a quaint and beautiful breed, and once seen will always be easily recognised. As a rule, the head is somewhat narrow. The eyes are of a mauvish blue. The colour of the cat is fawn or biscuit; the face, legs and tail are chocolate colour. Sometimes there is a kink or knot in the tail. These cats are extremely intelligent and docile; they are not difficult to acclimatise, but must be allowed considerable freedom. The worst drawback of the Siamese cat is its peculiar voice, which it frequently uses. In the early stages of the Cat Fancy it was somewhat difficult to obtain Siamese cats. In Siam they are regarded as sacred animals, and the souls of the Royal dead are at death supposed to pass into the cats' bodies. Hence the difficulty of procuring them, especially from the Royal palace, whence the best specimens were obtained. Now, there are a considerable number in this country, which have been bred from imported specimens. *The Manx*, or rumpy cat, as it is sometimes called, comes from the Isle of Man. It should be absolutely tailless. Sometimes it is called the "bunny" cat: its peculiar growth and method of walking give this resemblance. The Manx cat, besides being devoid of a tail, has longer hind than fore legs, and appears to jump when running. The colours of Manx cats are practically the same as those of the British short-hair.

The complete classification for British short-hairs is as follows: (1) White, (2) black, (3) blue (British or Russian), (4) cream, (5) silver tabby, (6) red tabby, (7) brown tabby, (8) tortoiseshell, (9) tortoiseshell and white, (10) Abyssinian, (11) Siamese, (12) Manx, (13) any other variety. F.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS FOR BRITISH HUNTING



IN MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. HARRY WORCESTER SMITH, Master of the Grafton Hounds, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., and ex-Master of the Piedmont Hunt, Virginia, is embarking on a very curious and interesting experiment this winter, an experiment which will be keenly watched by all those who are familiar with hounds and hunting. This forthcoming season of 1912-13 Mr. Smith is taking over with Mr. A. P. Pollok the Mastership of the Westmeath Foxhounds. Mr. Pollok is well known in the annals of Irish hunting, having been at different times Master of the East Galway, Waterford and Kildare Hounds, and between them these two good sportsmen ought to render a capital account of the Westmeath foxes. The Westmeath Foxhounds numbered last season forty-two couples, and were hunted by Jack Brown, formerly huntsman, under Lord Willoughby de Broke, of the Warwickshire pack. Brown has

looked after his charges very carefully during the past summer, and will doubtless bring them out at the opening of the season in excellent condition.

The real interest of Mr. Smith's advent in Westmeath lies, however, in our opinion, in the fact that that gentleman has brought over his own pack of American-bred hounds for the purpose of hunting them two days a week in that country as a private pack. They will, of course, be seriously handicapped in two ways. First, they were detained in quarantine for six months at Mr. Smith's kennels at Grafton before crossing the Atlantic, and they are now undergoing three months more quarantine in this country at Spratt's Patent Station at Chiswick. They will, for this season, be most seriously prejudiced in the matter of condition after emerging from quarantine in October, and it cannot possibly be expected that they can show anything like their ordinary form until

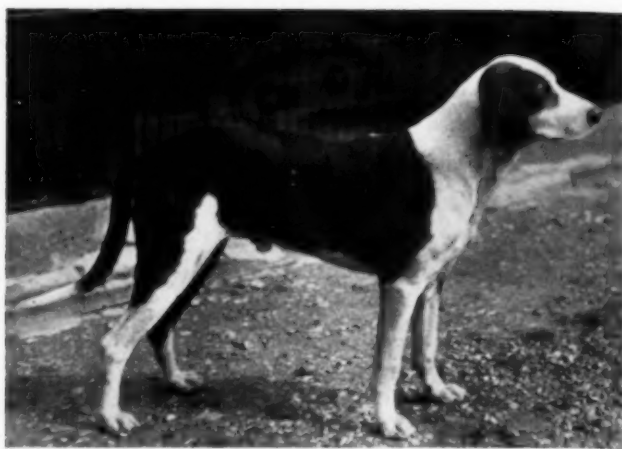


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SCALLYWAG.

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well after the turn of the year. In the second place, they will be hunting in a country differing vastly from the wild terrain in which they have been accustomed to follow the red fox, and under conditions which must necessarily be strange, novel and difficult to them. If they do not shape this season altogether as their Master would wish, every allowance should, for these reasons, be made for them.



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six couples each of Mr. Smith's American-bred Grafton hounds and a like number of English-bred hounds, in a match for speed and stamina. This contest was won by the American hounds; but Mr. Smith very fairly states, and believes, that, as the English hounds were only drafts, and not suited to American hunting conditions, this can be scarcely regarded as a fair test of the true worth and qualities of a high-class

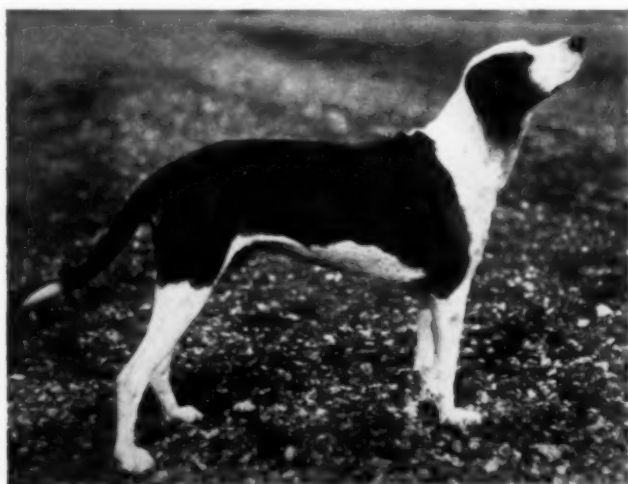


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SARAH.

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Mr. Smith, while fully acknowledging the undoubted merits of the English foxhound, is a great enthusiast for the American hound, a hound which has an extremely long and interesting history, and which in its native country has proved itself quite capable of holding its own with well-bred modern English foxhounds. There has for some time past been much controversy in the States as to the merits of English and American hounds. In 1905 a great contest took place in Virginia between



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British foxhound. The American hound is, as we have said, of extremely ancient descent, deriving its origin mainly from the old stamp of British hound taken out or imported from time to time during the last two hundred and fifty years by settlers of English descent in the Southern States. Those who have seen the American hound will at once recognise the type. It resembles a good deal the old English strain, distinguished among our sporting ancestors for its nose, perseverance



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SPORTSMAN.

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and grand voice. Perhaps the nearest approach to the American hound to be found in England at the present day is seen among the old-fashioned Lakeland packs of Cumberland and Westmorland, where hounds are accustomed to pursue the tough Fell foxes very much on their own account, little interfered with by huntsman and field, and where they have, in consequence, acquired qualities of self-reliance and independence much resembling those of the American hound. Here and there among other English packs, especially among harriers, such as the Holmfirth, Holcombe, Hailsham and Cotley, you will find types which remind you a good deal of the Southern States hound of North America. Mr. Smith has, in that excellent quarterly, "The Foxhound," already given his views on this subject. He writes as follows: "Origin. American hounds are a mixture of the hounds of all countries, exactly the same as the American man. But like the latter, above all they must have energy and staying powers, and it matters little whether the original hounds were descendants from a pack given to George Washington by the Marquis de Lafayette, or a draft from the Kerry beagles purchased by some emigrant coming from Ireland with sporting proclivities, or a Milton hound sent over by some ardent sportsman in Georgia or Alabama.

"The colours, type and tap-roots might have been with the Monson with their black and tan, the blue-mottled hounds of the Duke of Beaufort, at the time the sporting tour was taken to France, or the white-marked Fell hounds; the result has always been the same, for those who did not go into the lead and stay there were promptly destroyed, and so for one hundred and fifty years the different breeders have worked with one idea in view, namely, nose, heel (*i.e.*, pace), and cry, and gradually evolved the type which is the same all over the South and West.

"The killing of the fox has been and always will be the test. In a neighbourhood the crack hounds soon get a reputation, and any new-comer is at once pitted against the best in the county. The test is not for a hound that leads off in the early hunt, as often a strong red fox will carry the pack up and down



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STARS.

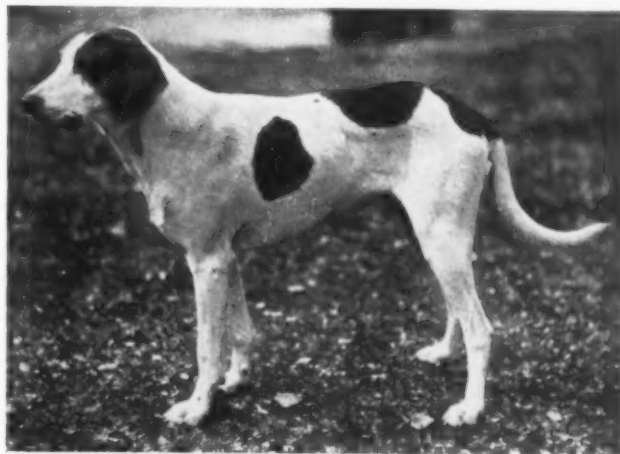
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dale for four or five hours, covering fifty or sixty miles; and then the breathless, expectant look on the face of the listeners, as they await, wondering whether Mark will be in the lead, or Sinner carrying the line, or if that cry which is faintly heard by all is Trump, the champion of the village.

"Types of hounds.—There are three or four different types used in the States for following the fox. The heavy, deep-throated, slow-trail hound of the New England States, where the owner lying in ambush only wants the fox pushed hard enough so that he may run in circles and be brought to his gun, for here in Worcester County, by members of the so-called Fur Club, there are annually one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five foxes shot, and the value of a good red pelt to-day is from 6dol. to 10dol. In Pennsylvania there is a tall black and tan hound with rat tail, high peak, long ears and long cry, wonderful trailers, but with not enough speed to account often for his quarry."

These notes on American hounds are extremely interesting, and it is a curious fact that if you search Britain through at the present day you will still find among some of the outlying and old-fashioned packs very much the same types as those mentioned by Mr. Smith. The black and tan Kerry beagle, still known with the Scarteen and elsewhere in the South of Ireland; the Bexhill Harriers, also black and tan; the blue-mottled Hailsham, showing much old Southern blood; the light-coloured West Country hound, such as the Cotley (famous fox-catchers, though of true harrier blood), Quarme, Sir John Heathcoat Amory's, Axe Vale, and others; the Holcombe, an old-fashioned Lancashire pack, and the white and spotted Fell hound of the Lake Districts—all these are strikingly reminiscent of the various American types set forth by Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith's Grafton hounds are all of Southern States blood. In contour he tells us that they approach very nearly



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the hounds shown in the picture by Sartorius of Mr. Peter Beckford's hounds, painted probably about 1780. This picture, which still hangs at Beckford's old house at Steepleton Iwerne, Dorset, is shown in Mr. Otho Paget's edition of Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," published by Methuen in 1899. These hounds are lighter in bone than the present English type, and in Mr. Smith's words are "tucked up, show a rib or two on the side, are deep through the heart, sharp-nosed and back at the knees, like Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds." As a matter of fact, all the old school of English foxhound were back and not over at the knee. The latter is a modern introduction by hound-breeders, and in our judgment a harmful one.

A glance at the illustrations will show that Mr. Smith's present Grafton pack possess excellent qualities of their own. They are more on the leg than the English foxhound, and show less bone; but their limbs and shape are excellent, and they look what they are, a strong, hardy, galloping type, thoroughly well calculated to run down a tough fox in a very wild and difficult country. The pack has been built up by a long and careful process of selection, extending over twelve years, no pains or cost being spared to get the pick of American packs in the South and West. In three seasons one hundred and twenty-five couples were got together, and from these fifteen couples presently emerged after the severest tests of their hunting capabilities. From these fifteen couples were bred the present Grafton hounds. We believe that the advent of these hounds in a British hunting country will be watched with a very great deal of interest, and although their long rest, enforced by quarantine regulations, is a terrible handicap during this their first season, we hope that Mr. Smith will give them a chance of a second season in Westmeath, so that they may show their hunting qualities as well over here as they have done in the States. That they are genuine fox-catchers in their own country there is no possible doubt. The American red fox is a very tough and hardy beast of chase, probably far more difficult to kill than his English cousin. It is possible that the American hounds may not please the eyes of English sportsmen, especially of those accustomed to the modern standard of Peterborough and Reigate. But we shall be much surprised if they do not prove the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does." Personally, I think that in some ways we are getting rather too far away from the old English type, which these hounds represent, and that we are nowadays tending to produce a type which may become abnormal or unnatural.

H. A. BRYDEN.



THE Hall at Burton was built when George III. was King, but the house that a Congreve then erected and that was inhabited by his descendants for nearly a century is so completely embedded in new work that none of the original surfaces, either within or without, is now visible to the eye. It is a moot point whether such treatment is advisable either from the æsthetic or financial point of view. Given that a house is architecturally of so little interest that we are fully justified in obliterating its appearance, is it not better to pull it down and begin again? As a matter of expense this course will not, probably, be the more costly, and you gain in the matter of balanced composition and convenient arrangement. On the other hand, if you retain much or all of the substance you will bring about a result that is likely to have a decided stamp of its own. The architect cannot produce the pure and simple emanation of his mind drawn out on the office board, but is driven to use all his wits and ingenuity to get the best possible results despite the retention of existing walls, forms and site. Out of this struggle, if the protagonist is worthy, there will eventually take shape a house which, though it may lack completeness of elevation and perfection of plan, possesses individuality and produces an agreeable sense of settled accretion and historic adaptation that removes the too strong feeling of rawness often given by new material. A look at the illustrations will convince the reader that the

course pursued at Burton Manor was rightly adopted because so rightly brought to fruition.

The parish of Burton lies north-west of Chester in the peninsula formed by the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. A sandstone ridge, of which the high ground is well wooded, runs east and west through it, and shelters the village that lies on its south slope. This village is a gathering of modest habitations having the full old Cheshire flavour. Here, you get a group of cottages built of the local sandstone and roofed with big, thick slate slabs; there, you come across a row framed out of the equally local oak and thatched with wheat straw from arable fields that mingle with the rich pasture lands that give its character to Cheshire farming. South of the village street stands the Hall or Manor House. It is still on the high ground that slopes away before it down to the flats by Dee-side. The site surely was chosen for its prospect, of which Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, wrote enthusiastically soon after the house was built. At that time the fine trees that now give ample shade and shelter to the grounds must, many of them, have been saplings recently planted by the builder of the house, which he describes as "in a situation somewhat exposed and bare, but commanding noble views of the Dee sands, the Welsh mountains and the richer scenery which stretches from their base to the water's edge." Since the year 1819, when Ormerod published his History, industrialism has developed apace.





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THE ARCADE OF THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Burton, indeed, is still an old-fashioned rural village in an old-fashioned agricultural district, but it is only a few miles north to Birkenhead and Liverpool, while south, along the Flint shore of the Dee, factories rear tall chimneys that by no means improve the "richer scenery" mentioned by Ormerod.

From very early times the Manor of Burton belonged to the bishoprics of Lichfield and Coventry, but was held on lease by the Congreves in the latter half of the eighteenth century. The Congreves claim to have been of Congreve since before the Conquest, just as, in the same county of Staffordshire, Wolseleys have held Wolseley and the Gresleys have held Drakelow, just over the Derbyshire border. There, too, from a period only a little less remote down to a few years ago the Fitz-Herberts held Norbury, and it was a Fitz-Herbert of Norbury who, in the



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A GRASS WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

seventeenth century, married Richard Congreve, the grandfather of William Congreve, the poet and dramatist of Queen Anne's day. He was a cadet of the house, the senior branch continuing at Congreve, until a fortunate marriage brought them Aldermaston in Berkshire, where a William Congreve lived at the time that his younger brother, Richard, turned the Burton lease into a freehold and erected the house that Ormerod a few years later

describes as a "modern building." William of Aldermaston made a mess of things, and on his death Chancery sold that estate. But Richard's descendants continued at Burton until, recently, General Congreve, V.C.—who still holds the Congreve lands—sold Burton in order to acquire a greater acreage in his native Staffordshire. At that moment the house at Burton was of red brick, a low parapet over a cornice partly



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THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SOUTH FRONT AND NEW ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SOUTH FRONT BEFORE BUILDING OF ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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EAST ASCENT FROM LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hiding the roof. The entrance was on the west side, where the garden-room now is. The drawing-room, with its southern bay, was of the same form as now, while to the north stretched out a single-storeyed building that has since been raised. The chief interior interest then centred in the family portraits and groups representing Congreves of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, among them a charming picture of the poet-dramatist as a boy with long dark hair, lace cravat and a coat buttoned with ornamental frogs.

Mr. Henry Gladstone, the new purchaser, required vastly increased accommodation and largely developed gardens, and therefore an entire transformation has taken place. The old portions were cased, and the new portions built of local sandstone, and the whole building was re-roofed in green Cumberland slates that stretch out to hang over a broad modillioned cornice of wood. The exterior is charged with no ornament; the effect entirely depends upon a general suavity

of form and line and on apt materials sympathetically used. The three Venetian windows of the music-room and the roundel on the west wall of the drawing-room combine with the wooden shutters to give variety to the simple and dignified fenestration, while the only carving is to be found over the front door and in the pediment of the new north elevation. This presents the most definitely architectural piece of work introduced by Sir Charles Nicholson and Mr. Corlette, who were entrusted with this large

scheme of re-modelling. But it is as restrained as the other fronts, broad, flat pilasters affording relief and carrying the pediment. It is balanced, but not symmetrical, for whereas the western portion has two storeys, that to the east has three, one of the main principles of the planning having been to provide servants' bedrooms in a mezzanine floor over subsidiary rooms, the chief reception suite and the kitchen being of greater height. Passing through the front door, an ample porch is entered, which leads into the entrance hall.



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The first door to the right is that of the billiard-room, constructed in the portion of the old house that was originally of single-storey height. Walls and ceilings are of whitewash enriched with plaster-work. The white background is an excellent foil to the pillars and chimney-piece carried out in local stone. This came from the estate, has a lovely grain, and is purple rather than red in colour,

above the pillars, which were introduced to sustain it. The hall is lit by three arched windows looking into a little court. It is a sound general rule that such a feature is better adapted to Italian than to English skies. The ample quadrangle of mediæval and Elizabethan days was right enough as regards light, air and cheerfulness, but the old arrangement of rooms running round it in single file came to be considered inconvenient



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THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

not hot in tone, but grey, reminding one of certain varieties of plum.

Beyond the door into the billiard-room the hall has a set of columns down the centre, dividing it into two vaulted alleys. The effect is extremely picturesque and agreeable, but is one of those accidents that arose from the transformation of the old house into the new. An old outside wall still runs

even in Inigo Jones' day, who was the first firmly to establish in England the solid block plan. But it is difficult to scheme a large house after this fashion, with all the rooms and offices now demanded fully lighted, without some central air space. This was felt by Mr. Norman Shaw, whose important country houses, such as Adcote, have central courts. But they are not successes. They are narrow, gloomy, damp-looking, and too much like

wells reluctantly introduced for the necessary object of providing air to passages and subsidiary offices. You do not enter them, you avoid even looking out of the windows that open on to them. The Fountain Court at Burton is not of this kind. Go there, though it be late autumn with a leaden sky, and it will strike you as so cheerful and inviting that you will step out into it at once. Yet the open part is barely twenty-four feet square, a pillared loggia that forms a covered way along the north side adding somewhat to the ground area. The cheerfulness depends largely upon the use of whitewash on its walls and white marble on its floor. On the latter the white is relieved with black, on the former with red and green, the woodwork of the windows being painted, while the arches, string-course and window-ills are of

of the reception areas has a plaster vault only slightly enriched, for the mantel-piece is the sole much-elaborated feature in the room. It is of marble and plaster with a Madonna and Child occupying the centre and framed in a Della Robbia manner. The recessed portion of the room has a gallery over which opens out from the main stair, of which the treatment, depending largely for effect upon its pierced panels, is amply and effectively shown in one of the illustrations. Through the music-room the dining-room is reached, all white, both in its wood and plaster-work—a treatment which accords admirably with the mahogany of its doors and furniture. The low vaulting above the entablature is such as Robert Adam much favoured, but the wreaths and drops that are the chief motifs of the ornamentation are not in his manner. It is better than that, in so far that

it is not a mere reproduction of a former style, but a treatment and arrangement of classic forms and ornament sufficiently original and successful to give its authors full right to say that it belongs to them and to their day. The rest of the house does not call for particular description. There are numerous bedrooms perfectly agreeable and perfectly comfortable—furniture, fittings and decoration all showing good taste without exuberance, and individuality without eccentricity, which is the mark of Burton Hall under the present régime, and which has been, in part, given to it by the action of its Châtelaine—directly in many matters of detail and furnishing, and indirectly in the larger domain of architecture through the architects who have so thoroughly and successfully interpreted her wishes.

The offices are remarkably well planned, especially considering that they, too, are to some extent dependent in their arrangement upon the retention of the older house. The kitchen, with its pastry-room annex and its lobby into the scullery, is quite effective without any waste of space. The only criticism of the plan, as now presented, is that the servants' hall and the orangery seem very loosely, if not even awkwardly, annexed. For that there is a full and sufficient reason. They were not part of the original scheme of alterations. They were only afterwards found to be so far needed and desirable as to be well worth while adding, although that meant some slight detraction from the ordered scheme and pleasant lines of the south front. But the orangery-loggia building



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THE INNER HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

red tiles, the key-stones, like the pillars, being of red sandstone. Thus the court is not merely an expedient to gain light; it is an important feature of the house, to be enjoyed as a set of pleasant pictures seen from the windows and as an intimate spot to sit and saunter in, shaded in its loggia from the summer glare, sheltered in all parts from the wintry blast, when at midday its south side is bathed in sun. Where, in planning a house, a central court is called for, that at Burton may be studied as an entirely successful example. Three other sitting-rooms lie west of the inner hall. The library is treated with reticent dignity, somewhat in the Charles II. manner, with an oak wreath ornamenting its ceiling, while the mantel-piece, though composed of four marbles, is simple and quiet. The south-east corner of the hall opens into the great music-room, being merely divided off from it by a screen. This largest

is of itself a good piece of classic architecture, and is by the same hand that has recently been at work in the garden extensions, namely, by Professor Beresford Pite. The first scheme of the garden was of a broad, paved terrace descending on to a simply-disposed lawn along the south front. Thence towards the west a naturally treated section with rock-set slopes was reached, while to the east was an ascent to pergolas and to a sunk garden. From the raised path that surrounds the latter four sets of segmental steps of red sandstone descended to its lower level, composed of paved ways dividing the quarters where rose-beds were cut out of the turf. Now, as one or two of the pictures show, much more has been done. Stone-bordered lily-pools give variety and interest to the south lawn, from which the eastern ascent is through a classic archway, while elsewhere a broad, green way stretches



PLANS.

its length between ample herbaceous borders and up to a temple-like garden-house with domed roof, sheltered on each side by a high segmental wall.

Our enjoyment of these large and varied additions must not make us forget to take a glimpse of the little north garden. Here, on sloping ground, lay the stables and other buildings of the old house. To get a forecourt the bank had to be cut back, and a retaining wall built, in which is a stairway, whose two lower and narrower flights rise to meet a broader single upper one. This opens on to a parterre, with a large lily-pool occupying the centre, while the stable and workshop buildings, remodelled and improved, but delightful in their picturesque grouping and weathered tone, rise from its boundary and give it due enclosure.

Burton Manor is now a place of very considerable size and importance, and this character has clearly not been given to it without very large expenditure. But everything has been done with such sound judgment and right feeling that it has no

appearance of arrogant intrusion or devastating conquest. It must be classed as a new house, but it retains an ancient setting. It is a worthy example of what can be done in our own cosmopolitan day, but it is amiably linked with Cheshire's past. T.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE INVENTORY.

IF all Royal Commissions were as strenuous as that appointed to survey our ancient monuments, whose latest report has just been issued in book form as the *Inventory of the Historical Monuments in Buckinghamshire*, Vol. I. (Wyman), the suspicion which attaches to such inquiries would swiftly be forgotten. The first report, which comprised the inventory of Hertfordshire, was well done, but the second, which covers the Southern half of Bucks, shows a marked improvement in its construction. The Commissioners have got into their stride, and their labours promise an archaeological survey of enduring value. Every monument described, whether earthwork, church or cottage, has been personally inspected by the able investigators who



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THE MUSIC-ROOM.

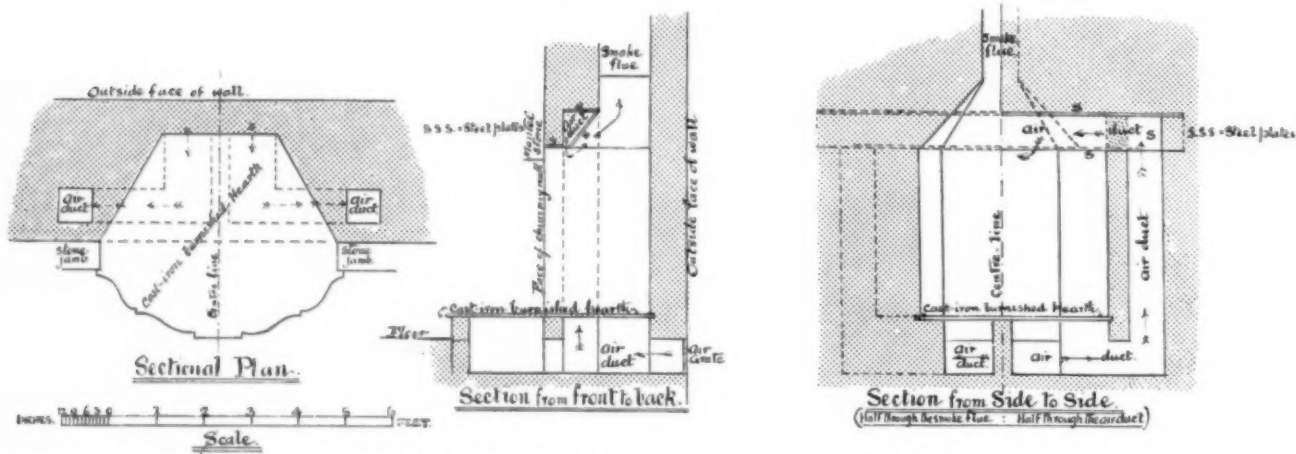
"COUNTRY LIFE."

work under the Commission. Their findings are reviewed as well by Assistant-Commissioners of the proved skill of Mr. William Page, Mr. C. R. Peers and others, as by the Commissioners themselves. The latter have given care to the *format* of their reports, which are now issued in cloth covers—a notable improvement. The Index and Glossary are beyond praise, and will delight the specialist. Is he interested in stained glass? The index will tell him fifty-seven places where he may seek it. The architect with a passion for chimneys is furnished with an array of one hundred and seventy-five places, grouped under centuries, where he may seek them. The illustrations are good, and it is useful to print groups of examples of the same objects (such as fonts, cottages and furniture) on separate plates. Brevity is not only the soul of wit but the salt of record-making, and the inventory is admirable in this respect. As, however, the investigators gather a large number of plans and details which cannot be printed but are of great value, the Commissioners are "carding" them at Scotland House. They may be inspected there by the student and will eventually find a home in the Record Office. Altogether there can be nothing but praise for the way this Great Visitation of England proceeds except in one respect, for which the Government and not the Commission is responsible. It began well and

proceeds well, but when will it end? So far the published Inventory covers two hundred and fifty-one parishes. North Bucks is in hand. A start has been made with Essex, the City of London and Greater London. There must be at least ten thousand parishes in England which possess ancient monuments, and at the present rate of progress the labours of the Commission will take forty years to complete. Within that time a vast number of monuments will have perished or have been restored beyond recognition. The Commission adds to each inventory a list of those especially worthy of preservation. By the time it reaches some of the English counties this list will be woefully shorter than it would be to-day. The Commissioners number eleven, and they and their staff work hard and faithfully, but they are few for the great task confronting them. If they were doubled in number and (say) the chairman, with half the Commissioners and a vice-chairman with the other half, each wing with a separate staff, were to divide England between them, the work would go forward with some chance of being finished within a reasonable period. Doubtless, however, the Treasury would have something to say against spending more money. As things are, the very excellence of the Commission's work fills with impatience all who love England's heritage of antiquity.

MY WOOD FIRES AND THEIR STORY.

By WM. ROBINSON.



DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE PLAN AND SECTION.

WOOD fires are mostly lost to us, and it was a mistake to part with them, both for the sake of beauty and economy. Wood is plentiful in the Home Counties and not of much value now that the one thing for which it might be used effectively

is given up. We can sell a tree but not its branches, and unless we convert them into cord wood and burn them they are almost valueless. All this comes about through the invasion of coal and the changes that builders make to accommodate chimneys to coal fires. The small chimney which is adequate for coal or coke is frequently put in where people expect a wood fire, but no good result comes of it. The small wood fire, such as one sees in French hotels, might be carried in a small chimney, but not the old warming, big, handsome fire. Various devices have been tried, such as raised grates, and even in the beautiful old houses figured in COUNTRY LIFE one often sees vain attempts in iron to get over the difficulties of the ill-designed wood fireplace.

I came into possession of an old house with chimneys and fireplaces that had been built in the old way, but had since been adapted to what were considered to be modern requirements, and entirely spoiled for effective wood fires. The main error is the small chimney. You cannot get a good fire free from smoke in a

chimney less than fourteen inches by fourteen inches. The next point is that there must be enough air in the room to feed the chimney, no matter what the size of the room may be. In old houses the rooms were often so large and lofty, and the construction was such that they were ventilated in various ways; but with



G. Champton.

HEARTH FOR A WOOD FIRE.

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modern buildings and more compact construction of walls and windows there is often not nearly enough ventilation for perfect combustion. Even where we do not require wood fires in every bedroom, in a country house a good large fire in the hall or other central apartment should be welcome all the year round.

For some years I put up with the discomfort of chimneys and fireplaces that had been spoilt so that they could only accommodate a miserable coal fire, and that not always well. Then I recollected that in France, where wood is plentiful, the wood fire had kept going much longer than with us, and I wrote to my friend, the late Edouard André, the landscape gardener, who sent me a drawing and placed me in communication with a *fumiste* in the Rue de Seine, who came over and explained it all to me. Happily, some of our old chimneys were large enough, and the plan I have tried in them and even in cottages has never failed once.

In the case I now illustrate it was an addition to the house, and we had to build a chimney for a new dining-room, and there we carried out the plan which is well shown in this drawing.

First of all, the chimney is fourteen by fourteen inches. The next thing was to bring in air from without to feed the shaft. The room being solidly constructed, there was not air enough to feed a chimney for a big wood fire, so we brought in a duct about ten inches from the outside under the hearth-plate and up the fire-bricked sides of the fireplace, and thrown up the chimney just above the mantel-piece. To have put it in any other place near the fire would not have done at all so well. The air coming in from without was warmed automatically by passing under and around the fire, being drawn into the chimney at a slightly higher temperature, where it could not possibly do otherwise than rise up and carry the draught. This is shown clearly in the illustration. From the first it has acted perfectly, and has never once failed us. The hearth, instead of being of tiles or brick, is an iron plate. To get rid of the need of a fender we raised the hearth a little above the floor. A common way now is to sink the fire, and, as far as I have tried it, it is not nearly as good as raising the fire a certain height above the level of the floor, say, ten inches. The radiation is better so, and everything else as it should be.

A London friend of mine, who was building a house, seeing my success with wood fires, made up his mind to

carry out the same idea. This he did, and with complete success. There is no reason why those in London who care for a wood fire should not enjoy it. The country around is rich in wood, and wood ought easily to be sent into town, as it is in the case of Paris. The cost of wood is very slight. Two sources are usually open to us—the cord wood from the bigger trees, and bat wood, which is often left after a clearance of underwood. Both make excellent fuel. The occasional clearing of our woods one cannot avoid, and the best way is to use the wood at home. The difficulty of cutting it up is easily got over. Men will cut it up for a few shillings a cord, and where there is an electrical installation or any other form of power available, the work is, of course, simplified. The summer-leaving trees, such as oak, ash, beech and maple, give us the best firewood. The pine woods are not good in the open fire.

The permanent iron hearth and the abolition of the fender in every form is one of the best points in the fireplace. It came about in this way. The people who built the house, Richard and Katherine Infield, in the year 1596, were ironworkers here, and at the bottom of their fireplaces they put an iron plate, coming in line to the face of the wall, and these we found in making changes. They could not have put a better thing for wear, and when looking at these plates the idea came to me to advance them in order to take the place of the ordinary fender, and by raising the plates above the ground to secure a better draught. This we did in various cases, and always with a good result. Sir Ernest George came one day and, looking at my hearth, gave it his approval, so that we have high architectural authority so far for what we did.

The present-day way of sinking the hearth to the floor-level is not the best way. From the wood fire one gets a better radiation if the hearth is raised ten inches or so above the floor, and we gain a point in draught also. In the case in point, the iron hearth is raised and supported on stone. Where the draught was sufficient, there was no reason for raising the hearth unduly; but in other cases we gained by raising the hearth as far as we reasonably could. The plate is of stout metal, polished, and settles the question of hearth, fender and all for ever. A fender was always a noisy and hateful thing to me, and I was glad to get rid of it.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MEREDITHIANS will be glad to add to the fine complete edition of their favourite's works the *Letters of George Meredith* (two volumes), which has just been issued under the editorship of his son (Constable). The general reader who is not altogether a devout and unquestioning follower of Meredith, and yet is not wanting in admiration, will also be glad to add the book to his library. It forms a chapter in literary history which the well-informed cannot afford to neglect, and, at the same time, it completes the picture which everyone by this time must have formed of George Meredith as a man and as a writer. Indeed, the character is not so complicated or so obscure as might be expected from the novels. Meredith was built on lines very simple, although very strong and definite. In a man's correspondence that sort of thing comes out much more clearly than in actual work; but even in the novels there are abundant indications of the sort of man that Meredith was. He was not in any wide sense of the term sympathetic. He did not enter into his characters as fully and deeply as the greatest of imaginative story-tellers. He resembled his friend Swinburne inasmuch as each personage in his drama was a mask through which his own voice spoke. To put it in another way, he resembled an extremely clever ventriloquist who makes his little dummies speak, according to the characters by which they are labelled, it is true, but without ever succeeding in disguising his voice so thoroughly that its identity is mistakable. In other words, the genius of Meredith was that of an epic rather than that of a dramatic poet. His story interests by its sincerity, its vigour and its cleverness much more than by its mimic character; and the homely truth is very often forgotten that mimicry is the soul of drama. Even in its earliest imaginative stage, the natural born genius who could imitate the favourite gestures and voices, reproducing the peculiarities so vividly that he forgot himself in the character that for the moment he had assumed, must have been marked out from the more prophetic narrator who enthralled the audience purely by his burning ardour and the force of his convictions. In the correspondence this is all very strongly emphasised. A great statesman used to say of a friendly rival: "I see by the papers

So-and-So has made his speech." And if anyone were sufficiently curious to ask what he meant, his reply was: "Oh, he makes only one speech, a very excellent one, I grant, but he makes it over and over again." So, in a sense, Meredith writes only one letter, although two handsome volumes are filled with his letters. Upon examination it turns out that these epistles do indeed vary, but not radically. What we may call the intellectual temperature of the writer goes up or down. Illness, weariness, exaltation, depression; in fact, all the shadows and sunshine that play over every man's life affect his letters, and it would be an effective reply to the one-letter theory that sometimes he writes on business and sometimes on pleasure, sometimes flippantly and sometimes with burning enthusiasm; but this does not alter the fact. Meredith is revealed here as being possessed of one or two paramount interests which he kept alive with unabated zeal; but there is no surprise in the way of discovering other Merediths in the one. He was a writing man exclusively. He lived in the country and took his exercise there as long as he could take exercise at all; but he does not seem to have been addicted to country pursuits, such as gardening, agriculture, forestry, fishing, shooting. His first interest in life was literature and, next to it, politics. Perhaps the most interesting way in which to study these letters is to read them, not in the order in which they are written, but by the correspondents. For example, the letters to Lord Morley extend over a wide period and cover at least as many topics as any other series. They deal almost as much with the interests of Morley as with those of Meredith. When Lord Morley was still a journalist, when he was first on the staff and then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and when he was editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, Meredith was not only a contributor, but a friend and mentor as well, and Lord Morley was fortunate indeed to have him in such a capacity. The two had many sympathies and convictions in common. It was otherwise with another editor, Frederick Greenwood. To him also many letters are directed, but these two men were almost exact opposites. They had a strong mutual respect, but probably no very great liking for one another. Meredith's best letters were addressed to Swinburne. The latter is almost the only contemporary of whom Meredith writes in the vein of a disciple rather than of an

equal, and it was very fitting that the last letter which he ever wrote should have been that memorable epistle to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton on Swinburne's death. His admiration of Swinburne was undaunted. "Song was his natural voice," he says. "He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield." The letter is remarkable in more ways than one. It shows the octogenarian as vigorous mentally as he had ever been in his life, and as definite and decided in his opinions. It is a great pity that more of his letters to Swinburne are not included in this volume, as it would seem from those published that, when he sat down to write to the poet, Meredith tuned himself to the highest pitch. He had as much in common with Swinburne as he had with Lord Morley, and an unspeakable admiration for that supreme gift of song at which he himself aimed but never fully attained.

The lighter side of his nature is most evident in the playful and familiar letters which he wrote to Sir William Hardman, whom many still remember as editor of the *Morning Post*. A thousand extracts might be chosen to show Meredith in lighter mood; but one will suffice:

My breakfast would supply a Workhouse: my luncheons are equal to the refectories of four fat friars: my dinner would satiate the soul of a ticket-of-leave man. I go to bed when Apollo lays his red nose over the Eastern hill, and light-foot hours carry it on their shoulders in triumph to 27 Gordon Street, what time Tuck, with a final snore, says, "Blow it!" and consents to rise. . . . Here is Frank Burnand that reeks puns from every pore, Maurice and Gerald Fitzgerald, Signor Vignati, Hyndman (Cambridge), Lawrence, painter, and others coming. I suppose I shall stop through next week. I don't think it possible for me to start with you. Of course I shall follow you—don't fear! You have a little wounded, and shot an arrow at your Robin, for why couldn't you wait for him? Or consult with him about going? Still, I do give you my word that there is great probability of my running over to join you during your last two weeks. Write and say, before you go, what you fancy will be your arrangements. And, O Tuck, write from among the mountains, that will look on you, and tell me of the hearts to whom your COMPANION shall have imparted swift emotion and a habit of breathing.

Some readers will, no doubt, prefer the letters with verses in them, and some of these are lighter though not more clever than might have been expected. Here is a specimen of his rhymed and unrhymed railery addressed to Mrs. Walter Palmer:

Box Hill, Dorking, Sept. 28, 1894.
There stood in her street a poor exile of Queen Je'n,
He sang a long ballad devoid of all point:
And the sole thing made clear by this broken-down engine,
Was "Harry has put my old nose out of joint."

GEORGE M.

Enclosure.

In search of a novel.—This dialogue was recently overheard at a well-known bookseller's shop in Dublin. Lady: "Oh, have you got 'The Ordination of Peter Peveril'? I'm afraid I've forgotten the author's name." Attendant: "Very sorry, madam, but I don't recognise the title." Lady: "Oh, never mind." After a pause—"Have you got any other books by the same author?"

His graver muse supplies a fine sonnet to Carlyle on his eightieth birthday. A very large number of the family letters were addressed to his son, A. G. Meredith, whose portrait by Rossetti is reproduced. Needless to say, they are as loving as they are interesting. No letter to the painter seems to have been preserved. In fact, one can gather only from a stray hint or two that a deep friendship existed between Rossetti and Meredith. Maurice, too, is unrepresented by a letter. Such omissions are inevitable, and we need not dwell on them. It is enough to note that the two volumes from beginning to end are packed with letters from the novelist himself, and will do more to spread his fame and please his admirers than any set biography that could be imagined.

POEMS AND A TRANSLATION.

The Vigil of Venus and other Poems, by Q. (Methuen.)

ONE of the most haunting stories in "Marius the Epicurean" records the death of Flavian, the poet Walter Pater created and endowed with the authorship of the *Pervigilium Veneris*. In the delightful preceding chapter on Euphuism, in which Pater vindicates his own artistic creed, we are told of the first inspiration of the Poet, while "the young men poured forth their chorus:

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit,
Quique amavit cras amet—

as they bore their torches through the yielding crowd, or rowed their lanterned boats up and down the stream, till far into the night"—that eve of the festival when "the *Ship of Isis* went to sea, and everyone went down to the shore-side to witness the freighting of the vessel, its launching and final abandonment among the waves, as an object really devoted to the Great Goddess." After the ceremony the next morning "Flavian and Marius sailed further than they had ever done before to a wild spot on the bay, the traditional site of a little Greek Colony, which, having had its eager, stirring life at the time when Etruria was still a power in Italy, had perished in the age of the civil wars. In the absolute transparency of the air on this gracious day, an infinitude of detail from sea and shore reached the eye with sparkling clearness, as the two lads sped swiftly over the waves—Flavian at work suddenly, from time to time, with his tablets." Then we are told the end, while Flavian, dying with plague, still feverishly tries to garner some few grains from the golden harvest of

inspiration so quickly passing from him; Marius writes down the broken verses, faithfully ministering until the very last. Whatever may be the story of its unknown author, the *Pervigilium Veneris* is one of the greatest lyric poems in Latin literature; as Pater said, it has the clean strength and firmness of fine metal-work despite its wealth of varied ornament. The only poem which can compare with it in abandonment, beauty and pagan passion is de Musset's *La Nuit de Mai*, the produce of a civilisation and literature analogous to the Latin in the time of Aurelius. Sir Arthur Quiller Couch has succeeded in translating the spirit and much of the beauty of the original into our English idiom. He can well afford to print the Latin text parallel with his own—saving the very different genius of the English language his success is absolute. Every reader will be most grateful to him for such a fine rendering of a great poem.

"The Regent," a short play in the same volume, has a very different charm from the *Pervigilium*; its tragic intensity comes from the skilful use made of the song:

Bird of the South, my Rondinello
Hie to me, fly to me, steel-blue mate!
Under my breast-knot flutters thy fellow;
Here can I rest not, and thou so late.
Home, to me, home!
"Love, love I come!"
—Dear one, I wait!
*Quanno nacesti tu, nacqui pur io:
La lundanza tua, 'l desiderio mio!*

The story is simple—a tale of the waiting wife who governs her husband's domain with justice and wisdom, her heart heavy through the weary years of his absence, and the cup of life snatched from her hand at the last. Sir Arthur's power lies as much in a delicate reticence and illusive charm as in his lyrical mastery and grace. The second verse of "Nuptial Night" will illustrate:

Go, nuptial night! the floor of Ocean tressing
With moon and star;
With benediction go and breathe thy blessing
On Coasts afar.
Hark! the theobos thrum
O'er the arch'd wave that in white smother booms.
"Mother of Mystery, come!
Fain for thee wait other brides, other grooms!"

His poem "Alma Mater," which is reprinted in this volume, is well known, but we cannot resist quoting two verses which are finer than anything Calverley ever wrote in the same vein:

Never we wince, though none deplore us,
We who go reaping that we sowed;
Cities at cock-crow wake before us—
Hey, for the lift of the London road!
One look back, and a rousing chorus!
Never a palinode!

Still on her spire the pigeons hover;
Still by her gateway haunts the gown.
Ah! but her secret? You, young lover,
Drumming her old ones forth from town,
Know you the secret none discover?
Tell it—when you go down.

Running through the light verse is all the regret for the days that can never come again, the days when we rowed and we played and we ragged and we read, still in the nursery, dreaming great dreams. No man worth his salt, with an ideal of work to do in the world, would wish deep down in his heart to put the clock back to the old, light, careless undergraduate days; and no man who understands can help a wistful dreamlike regret for them.

FISH MONSTERS.

The Teratology of Fishes, by James F. Gemmill, M.A., M.D., D.Sc. (Glasgow: James Maclehose and Sons.)

IN the book before us Dr. Gemmill treats in a concise and lucid manner of an interesting subject, to which for some years he has devoted special attention. Although it deals with difficult and intricate problems, which can only be mastered by the expert in anatomy and embryology, it contains much matter that will appeal also to the *curiosus nature*, and more still to those interested in fish-culture. The author's primary object, he tells us in the Introduction, is to throw light on the structural aspect of the major abnormalities occurring in fishes, particularly in the trout and salmon. Nearly half of the text, and practically all the illustrations, are devoted to this purpose. The figures on the twenty-six plates consist of photomicrographs of sections and other specimens, and of reconstruction diagrams, which, like the anatomical descriptions in the text, are based on the study of numerous series of sections. A wide field is covered in this book, as may be realised by the following list of headings: "Double Monstrosity," "Triple Monstrosity," "Cyclopia," "Hermaphroditism," "Abnormalities Affecting Skull, Vertebral Column, Fins, Coloration," "Parasitism," "Pathological Conditions of the Ovum or Early Embryo," "Abnormalities Having Reference for the Most Part to Single Organs." All this matter is arranged in excellent order, and accompanied by a copious bibliography. Although treating mainly of fishes, the author misses no opportunity of pointing out relationships with higher vertebrates—reptiles, birds and mammals. As he observes, teratological variation is not essentially different in kind from ordinary variation, although, owing to infrequency, non-survival, or absence of reproductive faculty, it will not, as a rule, have any influence on evolution. It must, however, be borne in mind that various monstrosities, such as the suppression of the dorsal fin, the duplication of the caudal fin, the protrusion of the eyes, etc., have been fixed by man in the case of the ornamental or curious races of the goldfish, a subject which was dealt with in this paper a few years ago. Double or triple monstrosities are not so very infrequent, in some broods of trout affecting on an average of 1 in 250, according to Dareste, but they are very seldom met with outside hatcheries, the reason being that such monsters die off as soon as the store of food material contained in the eggs has been exhausted, at a period when the fry are still too small to attract ordinary

observation. Other forms of monstrosities do not prevent the fish from further developing and obtaining its subsistence, as we know from the numerous records of pug-heads or bulldog-heads among salmonids, hump-backed salmonids, grey mullets, perches, etc., trout with supernumerary fins, tailless trout and other freaks are sometimes found, in several examples, in the same locality. The case of ambicoloration in flat fishes, in which the blind side is pigmented like the other,

has received much attention, but still awaits a satisfactory explanation, some authors being inclined to put it down to reversion or atavism, these fishes being evidently derived from strongly compressed, symmetrical forms, others to a tendency towards secondary or "imitative" bilateral symmetry. Brief but excellent summaries of this and other questions are given in Dr. Gemmill's book, which will be usefully consulted by naturalists generally. G. A. B.

THE CHILDWICKBURY STUD.



W. A. Rouch.

THE MAIN BROOD MARE YARD.

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AT Childwickbury, where Sir Blundell Maple lived, and where he now lies buried, Mr. J. B. Joel has made his home, and stirred, it may be, as well by the traditions of the place as his own love of horses, has gradually and carefully brought the once-famous stud to a pitch of perfection excelling that of its best and palmiest days in the past. As far as the well-planned stud buildings, built regardless of cost by the late Sir Blundell Maple, were concerned, his task was easy, for everything that could be thought of in the planning and laying-out of a vast establishment had been done by the former owner of the place, and a general overhaul was all that was necessary. Some improvements have been made, notably in the transformation of what may be called the central yard, now quite a show part of the stud, with well-kept lawns and flowering shrubs and trees, where formerly there was a none too pleasant refuse heap. It is, however, by the gradual selection by breeding and purchase of his brood mares, and the skill with which they have been mated, that the present owner has made the Childwickbury Stud famous as the place whence year after year come horses whose success on the race-course enables their owner to hold a conspicuous place among winning owners.

The area of the stud farm comprises between 700 and 800 acres. It is well timbered, and is divided up into twenty paddocks, ranging in size from fifty-four acres to four or five acres. The nature of the soil varies, gravelly loam predominating, while in places it runs more to clay. The land is everywhere in good heart; it is, moreover, kept scrupulously clean, all droppings being carefully removed, and instead of artificial manures, well rotted-down farm manure is used for dressing. I rather think, by the way, that in places powdered limestone would be beneficial. Accommodation for home stock and visiting mares is found in the shape of 275 boxes, distributed over various parts of the establishment. These are all much about the same size, roughly speaking, 14ft. square, and are lofty and thoroughly ventilated. They are, too, so arranged that each range gets its due share of sunshine in the course of the day.

Well I remember—I believe it so chanced that I was at Childwickbury on that very day—how in reply to the offer

of a very large sum of money for Common, poor Sir Blundell Maple promptly wired: "Common is wanted for England." I think those were the words. Time has passed since then. Once again I found myself standing in "Common's box," but it was Sunstar at whom I was looking; and, curiously enough, not many days before, in answer to an enquiry, Mr. J. B. Joel had replied, "Not all the money in the world would buy him." Well, there was Sunstar, furnishing up into a singularly beautiful specimen of a thorough-bred horse of great power and quality; applications for his services pouring in, and, as far as one can foresee, a distinguished career at the stud in front of him. He must, indeed, have been a great race-horse, and one of the gamest that ever looked through a bridle as well, for though he did for a moment flinch when his leg gave way in the race for the Derby, we know that he ran on to victory, and Stern, who rode him, afterwards told Mr. Joel, "I thought it was all up; I had to hit him, but he pulled himself together and shot out as if there was nothing wrong." Anyhow, on three legs Sunstar beat Stedfast very easily, and we know what Stedfast has done since. Sunstar



W. A. Rouch.

SUNSTAR.

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is a singularly good-tempered horse even with strangers, and it is, moreover, evident that between him and his owner there exists something near akin to friendship. Breeders will, of course, notice that, except indirectly through Vedette, there is no trace of St. Simon or Galopin in Sunstar's pedigree, a very unusual state of affairs in regard to the great majority of first-class race-horses of to-day, and to my mind he is all the more valuable as a stallion on that account, because easier to mate. He is by Sundridge (2) out of Doris (5), by Loved One (1) out of Laretta, by Petrarch 10 out of Ambuscade, by Camerino 24 out of Crossfire, by Vedette 19. Sundridge by Amphion 12 out of Sierra, by Springfield 12 out of Sunder, by Wenlock (4) out of Sandal, by Stockwell 3. Amphion by Speculum or Roseberry 22 (Roseberry accepted) out of Suicide, by Hermit (5). Roseberry by Speculum (1) (by Vedette 19) out of Ladylike, by Newminster 8 (sire of Hermit). The combination of the three great male lines in the above pedigree is noticeable, and it is also interesting to note that Doris, the dam of Sunstar, is a Herod mare, and, further, that through Margery Daw and Lord Clifden's dam, The Slave, she takes in strong lines of Melbourne.

It is just twelve years since Mr. J. B. Joel began to take an interest in the breeding of bloodstock—he had previously devoted his attention to hackneys—and the first thorough-bred mare to find her way to Childwickbury was Yours 22 (a mare bred in Italy), by Melton 8 out of Your Grace, by Galliard. A good beginning



W. A. Rouch.

DORIS.

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dam of Absurd—a great, raking mare, with good loins, well-placed shoulders and the best of legs and feet. She is by Melton 8 out of Paradoxical (1), by Timothy 9 out of Inchbonny, by

Sterling 12, has at foot a lengthy good-class filly foal—own sister to Absurd—and her yearling colt by Polymelus is, I think, a bit above the average. He is a great, powerful youngster, with plenty of scope and reach, and seems, moreover, to be blessed with an excellent constitution; at all events, he manages to do himself uncommonly well.

The mares are not done with by any means, except as regards the limit of my space, but we go on to the yearling yard, where there are thirty-eight boxes fronted by a large paddock communicating with others. Seven-and-twenty recruits are here waiting to join the colours under which they will serve—black, red cap. Their owner does not look upon them, as a whole, as

a very promising lot, but, as far as looks and breeding go, half-a-dozen of them, at all events, ought to win good races when Morton has got them into shape. I only saw them in



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OUR LASSIE WITH FILLY BY SUNDRIDGE.

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it was, too, for among others she bred Our Lassie, by Ayrshire—winner of the Oaks in 1903—and Your Majesty, by Persimmon—the St. Leger and Eclipse Stakes winner of 1908. Gradually the number of mares in the stud has increased, until at the present time there are forty, with some of whom we will now deal. In order to do so we bestow a final pat on Sunstar and, leaving him to the seclusion of his own private residence, make our way out into the central yard, with its well-kept lawn, trees, shrubs and flowers in the middle. Here are five-and-thirty boxes, and in one of them is Doris, dam of Sunstar, White Star—a good horse if he would only "do it" in public—and the Doris colt who ran second to Day Comet in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood. A very beautiful mare she is, too. Some people might think her none too big; but she is quite big enough, and the truth and symmetry of her make and shape are beyond criticism, to my mind. There is no need to go into details about her pedigree, for these were given when referring to the breeding of Sunstar; but it may be mentioned that she is a most consistent breeder. She was bred by the late Mr. Henry Waring in 1898, and was given to Mr. J. B. Joel by his brother. With the exception of a foot that turns in a little, the yearling filly by Your Majesty out of Doris is quite a good one—deep of girth, well balanced and showing plenty of quality. The mare has a capital filly foal by Sundridge at foot, and has been covered by Sunder. So, too, has Absurdity—



W. A. Rouch

LA VIERGE.

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their boxes, so my "picking" may not have been of the best. Taking them, however, in the order in which they stood, my note-book says: No. 4, by Your Majesty out of Hello (dam of Helium), good sort of filly, good knees and joints, back and loins; looks like racing. No. 8, by Sundridge out of Glass Doll, nice quality bay filly, girths well; good filly. No. 9, big, raking bay filly by Sundridge out of Schoolbook, strong second thighs. No. 10, good-class filly by Your Majesty out of La Vierge, well-placed shoulders, nice length and reach. No. 11 is the filly already mentioned by Your Majesty out of Doris; she does turn one toe in a trifle, and is perhaps a little straight in front, but she is a rare-topped one, and well balanced into the bargain. Here my note-book has gone wrong, for I cannot find the breeding of No. 12, against whom I had jotted down "big, loose-limbed, backward bay colt, with great liberty." There are, I think, "possibilities" in favour of No. 13—an unlucky number, some people think—a chestnut colt by Your Majesty out of Fringilla, a mare bred in America by Goldfinch out of La Paz. I now find no special note until we come to No. 17, quite a good sort of colt by Your Majesty out of Sweet Finch; and the next stop is at No. 20—the best, perhaps, of the lot—a great, upstanding, hard bay or brown colt by Polymelus out of Absurdity; scope, reach and size are there, and he ought to race. There is, too, a lot to



W. A. Rouch.

ABSURDITY.

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chestnut colt by Sundridge out of Menu. No. 25 is a very promising, nicely - balanced colt by Sundridge out of Our Lassie; and No. 26, a big, hard-looking bay colt by Your Majesty out of Prepare, is decidedly, to my way of thinking, a good sort, but he is already big enough for anything.

Inasmuch as the stock reared at Childwickbury are not sent up for sale by auction, the success of the Childwickbury Stud as a breeding establishment may best be seen by the results achieved by the stock there bred when submitted to the test of the race-course. The record for this year is, of course, not complete; but it will not be as good as, with ordinary luck, it should have been, for, apart from the disappointing three year old career of White Star, coughing, with its train of evil consequences, broke out in the stable just before Ascot. As far, however, as the season has gone, there is somewhere about 7,000 sovs. to be added to the amount given in the table appended. Analysing the totals, it will be seen that something more than a fairly satisfactory



W. A. Rouch.

ANGELIC AND COLT FOAL BY YOUR MAJESTY.

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like about No. 22, a deep-bodied, sturdy colt by Sundridge out of Sweet Lassie. Time may do wonders—I should like to see him later on in the year—for No. 24, a very big, loose-limbed

there is somewhere about 7,000 sovs. to be added to the amount given in the table appended. Analysing the totals, it will be seen that something more than a fairly satisfactory



W. A. Rouch.

YEARLING FILLY BY YOUR MAJESTY—DORIS.



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YEARLING COLT BY POLYMELUS—ABSURDITY.

financial result has been arrived at, for we find that in the third year of its existence the stud sent out its first classic winner in the shape of Our Lassie, winner of the Oaks in 1903. Four years later came another Oaks winner—Glass Doll. The year following, 1908, Your Majesty won the Eclipse Stakes and the St. Leger, and then came Sunstar, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby last year.

Taking then the racing record of the animals actually bred at Childwickbury—omitting mention of races won by horses which Mr. J. B. Joel has purchased from time to time—we get the following statistics :

Year	Races Won.	Value.
1900	3	£1,854
1901	2	747
1902	5	3,602
1903	11	8,492
1904	6	937
1905	14	6,010
1906	12	6,463
1907	18	12,850
1908	23	26,752
1909	27	14,298
1910	18	8,964
1911	29	32,099
	—168	—£123,158

T. H. B.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME REFLECTIONS FROM SUNNINGDALE.

THREE days' continuous watching of the professionals in the *News of the World* Tournament leaves the spectator at first in a hazy, bewildered frame of mind, in which the memories of half a hundred particular shots or holes struggle for a mastery. Then after a little time the haze clears away and he arrives at one or two definite impressions. My first impression, which may be a dull and trite one, but is, at any rate, a very strong one, relates to the really extraordinary goodness of modern professional play. One small piece of statistics is the most eloquent evidence that I can give. Sunningdale was at absolutely its fullest stretch ; the ground was rather heavy and the tees far back ; there were at least three holes that no reasonable mortal (a definition excluding Ray) could reach under three shots, and several more holes where even such a fine driver as Vardon

came to the second, a gap would suddenly open between Ray and the other man, and the open champion's ball would end up thirty or forty, and often fifty, yards ahead. Scarcely anyone else ever reached the first green in two shots ; before the final Ray had played that hole five times and done it every time in four. Much the same was true of the tenth and fourteenth ; if there were many more holes like these (it would be rather a dreary world if there were), Ray would be quite invulnerable.

The putting was, on the whole, very good, even if it was flattered a little by the beautiful greens ; and a great many golfers who had scarcely seen Ray before agreed that he has as beautifully delicate a touch in stroking the ball up to the hole as any player alive. But the thing to see was the iron play, and particularly Vardon's iron play. He was so good indeed that it is hard to pitch on a particular illustration, but perhaps the fourth hole is as good a one as I can think of. A good many



A CROWD ROUND THE TENTH GREEN AT SUNNINGDALE.

needed a brassie for his second. On this course Ray's score for thirty-six holes was approximately 143, and yet he was beaten by one hole.

Of course the driving was wonderful ; it always is. The man who, when there is a big crowd, determines to see the tee shots struck is a fool for his pains. In the first place, he generally can see little more than the "oofs of the 'orses" ; in the second, he always knows exactly what is going to happen without looking ; and in the third, he loses all chance of seeing adequately the iron play, which is so liberal an education, and the putting, on which generally hangs the issue of the day. Most of the driving was so nearly perfect as to be uninteresting. The one point about it that was interesting right through the tournament was the way in which Ray always gained when there was a second shot to be played with a wooden club. Other people could hold him more or less from the tee ; he did not gain an appreciable advantage over Vardon, and Watt, who is comparatively slight, kept up to him most gallantly ; but when it

people probably know the green, perched up high above the striker at that uncomfortable distance from the tee which is for most people "just outside the wrist," with a yawning bunker close to the flag on the left-hand side and a precipitous descent close to it on the right. Vardon had two twos at this hole, and on each of the four other occasions of playing the hole his ball was on the green and he had an easy three. How many people could average two under threes in six shots at that hole ? Then, again, some of his pitch shots in the final, especially the three that he laid stone dead at the tenth, eleventh and fourteenth, were wonderful. I doubt if there is anyone, even Taylor himself, who can cut the ball as heavily as Vardon, and that without the smallest apparent effort or tossing the ball particularly high in the air. His pitch on to that little table-land at the eleventh was really a masterpiece of boldness ; it looked simply foolhardy, and yet he had played the same shot the day before and laid the ball just as dead. How Taylor, the apostle of pitching and the arch-enemy of running, must have

enjoyed that shot. Braid could not be brought to admit that it was the right stroke to play, and even Duncan, who is by nature a pitcher, was for a moment almost apostate; but there was the ball—a hard, solid fact—twice



RAY DRIVING FROM THE FOURTEENTH TEE.

in succession dead at the hole side. If only one can pitch well enough, there is a great deal in the "no bunkers in the air" theory.

There was one thing that struck me particularly in regard to the difficulties of the young player who is contending against a champion, namely, that if he is to have any chance of winning it is almost imperative that he should get a hole or two up to begin with. I watched two matches that illustrated this point, one between Vardon and Wilson and another between Vardon and Gadd. In the first of these matches—it was the semi-final—Wilson, who is a very fine young player, seemed to be going along with the utmost *sang froid*. He halved the first two holes by means of really splendid recoveries out of the heather, and he had another particularly fine half at the fourth, where Vardon put his ball within some five feet of the hole, and yet Wilson got inside him. People were nodding their heads, and saying that Vardon was to have another tremendous fight, when on the fifth green Wilson, who was putting with beautiful freedom and confidence, was a little too bold, ran out of holing and lost the hole. From that moment the match was virtually all over, and Vardon, playing magnificent golf, sailed right away and won anyhow.

It was almost the same in Gadd's case. He performed prodigies of putting at the beginning of the match, and did actually square the match once after being a hole down, but the second time Vardon became one up was too much for him, and he, too, went, comparatively speaking, to pieces. It seems that in such a match as this there is a whole world of difference between all square and one down. As long as the young player is hanging on, even if it be by the skin of his teeth and some long putts, he can bear the strain, but it seems to become intolerable as soon as he drops a hole; one down can turn so horribly easily into two down. The thing to do, as in Mr. Mitchell Innes' famous dictum, is never to let the champion get a hole up, but it is far from easy of accomplishment. B. D.

THE NEW BOOK OF GOLF.

THERE is at first sight an engaging naïveté about the title "The New Book of Golf" (Longmans, Green and Co.), because there have during the last few years been so many new books on golf. But, as a matter of fact, the name has a great deal of justification, because Mr. Hutchinson, who is the Editor, has given out the work to his contributors on something of a novel plan. First of all,

Mr. Croome, in his capacity of retired schoolmaster, began by writing on "How to Learn." Mr. Darwin followed with what may be called the spade work, the "Elementary Instruction." Then these elementary chapters were sent out to Mrs. Ross (better known as Miss May Hezlet), Captain Hutchison and James Sherlock, and so each of the three, while dealing with her or his own department, yet had a common text to work on. Mrs. Ross wrote from the point of view of ladies, Sherlock from that of the professionals, and Captain Hutchison upon the deeds and peculiarities of great players. We find them sometimes contradicting, sometimes agreeing with the author of the elementary instruction, and occasionally they may, of course, puzzle the learner, who has deliberately to make his choice between two doctrines. On the other hand, this plan does, we think, give to the book a unity, to adopt the Editor's word, and a cumulative interest which do not always belong to books written by various hands. In one respect at least some claim to the quality of newness may also be put forward for the chapters on "Elementary Instruction." During the last ten years or so a very large number of books have been written on the subject, and consequently there are a very large number of divergent doctrines in circulation, each dealing with the same stroke and each invested with the authority of some considerable golfer. Mr. Darwin has been at some pains to collect together a good many of these distinguished authors' opinions on various points, and it is not uninteresting to see where they agree, where and how widely they differ, and how their views can sometimes be reconciled. Since, however, the learner might become somewhat confused, these comparisons always follow after the genuinely elementary and more dogmatic instruction.

Mrs. Ross has much good advice to give to ladies in simple and readable language; Captain Hutchison has observed very closely all the best players of his time, and Mr. Croome, though he is writing about how to learn, has, in fact, plenty to teach, notably his views on what he calls the "fundamental shot" in golf. It is, however, no injustice to the other four writers in the book to say that the most interesting chapters are those by Sherlock, "From the Professional's Point of View." Sherlock, as those know who have watched him, makes golf look an essentially simple, straightforward sort of game. He has no great physical strength to account for his success; there is no unfathomable secret about his style; he seems just to do everything in the easiest possible way. This same characteristic is the foundation of his teaching and his general view on the game. He is perfectly clear in his own mind as to the right way of doing things. He is not in the least afraid of differing from other people, and he never wants to wrap up the game in an atmosphere of mystery. Speaking of a certain doctrine as to the turning over of the right wrist, he says, "It seems to me that this is only part of a large conspiracy to make out that every shot in this game is more difficult than it really is. The art of golf is difficult enough in all conscience, and for goodness' sake let us have done with all these decorations and frills." Sherlock is not only the great apostle of simplicity, but also of toleration. He looks on each pupil as a separate problem, and is very anxious to avoid the pitfall of trying to make all learners copy the teacher's own style—a fault, by the way, to which he declares nearly all amateur coaches are prone. Should an observer be able to say of a golfer, "That man was taught by Sherlock," he feels that he has, in his own words, "ignominiously failed in his trust." We wish we had space to quote more of him, because it is a long time since we read anything more fresh and interesting upon a well-worn



HARRY VARDON AND EDWARD RAY.

Winner and runner-up in the "News of the World" Tournament.

theme. Finally, the only quarrel that we have with this book, which is, by the way, profusely illustrated by photographs, is that the Editor has so modestly effaced himself that we have from him only a foreword and two or three footnotes, when we should have liked a good deal more.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CAUSE OF THE RAMSEY FLOODS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To anyone acquainted with the Fen country your correspondent's article under the above title must prove highly interesting and instructive. A few years ago I made a sojourn of several months' duration on one of the many small marsh-islands which occur on the East Coast. The island had been reclaimed from the sea by Dutch engineers during the early part of the Hanoverian dynasty. Your correspondent mentions the grasping and short-sighted economy displayed by some of the fenman farmers in ploughing away the Whittlesea banks in order to obtain a little extra land for culture. On the marsh-island of which I write the sea-walls had, probably, not been repaired, or examined even, for generations. Although a mere "layman," and with no practical knowledge of engineering, it was evident to me that more than one portion of the wall required strengthening. I not only pointed this out to the man whose duty it was to attend to such matters, and who resided on the island, but also wrote to the owner of the property who happened to be a friend of mine. The farmer declared that "the old walls had stood two hundred year and more and would stand another two hundred," while his landlord replied to the effect that he was negotiating for the sale of the marsh and did not propose spending a shilling upon the walls, etc. A few months later, during an exceptionally high spring tide, a clean breach in the sea-walls occurred, the whole island was inundated and the "far-seeing" farmer and his numerous family barely escaped drowning by spending a bitterly cold winter's night on the roof of the home-stead, to be rescued from their perilous position by a party of coastguards next morning. Hundreds of pounds were subsequently spent in attempting to reconstruct the damaged escarpment, but without avail.—MARSHMAN.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

six of these tinder pistols, and they may still be seen, though no longer used, as curiosities on inn mantel-pieces.—G.

AN UNUSUAL HYBRID.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the above, it would be exceedingly interesting to hear what is meant by a "Wheaton game peacock." The hen is clearly not a Wheaton game, nor a game hen at all, possibly a half-bred Plymouth Rock, or perhaps Dominique. The male bird is surely the black-shouldered peacock (*P. nigripennis*) and a handsome specimen. This is from where the hybrid gets so much white in its plumage. I have tried crossing the black-shouldered cock with the ordinary hens, but have invariably found that the first cross produced no sign of the former. In the second cross about one-third of the young take after the father. This would tend to show that the black-shouldered bird is not as strong in reproducing himself as the ordinary, in spite of the theory that both *Cristatus* and *Muticus* are descendants from a black form.—STANLEY EDWARDS.

A TAME FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am being constantly asked what has become of the little tame fox whose picture you published in *COUNTRY LIFE* of July 20th. So I took the opportunity, being in his neighbourhood, to visit him again and get another photograph of him, which I hope you may find of sufficient interest to publish. He is quite large and extremely handsome, though not so attractive now he

has lost his baby ways. He and the dog are just as good friends as ever, and have great games together. He is still very tame with his master, but it is not safe for strangers to touch him, for he is quite ready to snap at them. He is kept with a collar and chain now, for fear that he might be chased by strange dogs.—BEATRICE M. STANTON.

A SUPPOSED MALLARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Knowing you to be interested in natural history, I enclose the wing and foot of a wild duck which was shot on the Essex marshes a few days ago. Melanism among the genus *Anas* is perhaps not so rare as is generally believed to be the case, and I have myself shot a fair number of very dark mallard and one pochard. The specimen in question, however, is exceptionally dark in colour, although I believe it to be a bird of the year and, therefore, in immature plumage. I regret not being able to send you the perfect carcase. This is impossible, however, for the edible portions thereof are hissing before the kitchen fire even as I write. At least I believe this to be the case, as a very "mallard" odour pervades the place. One of the drawbacks of living in a country cottage is that one cannot get very far away from the culinary department.—J. M. M. B. DURHAM.

[The remains submitted to us are not those of the mallard, as our correspondent imagines, but of the black, domesticated variety thereof known as the "East Indian duck." Melanistic varieties of the mallard are very rare.—ED.]

JAPANESE COCK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a long-tailed Japanese cock. The Japanese points of excellence may be profitably compared with those in vogue here.—CAPTAIN SPICER, R.A.

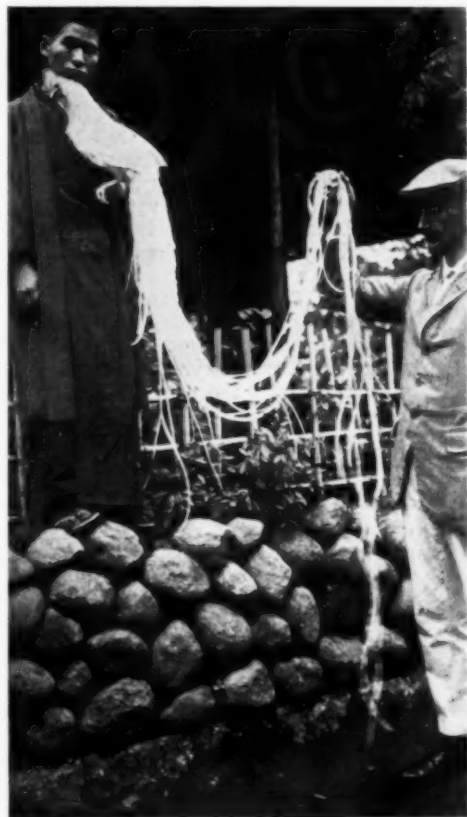
OCTOBER WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers to know that on Saturday last, October 5th, some friends and myself, when on an afternoon ramble, recorded eighty-five species of wild plants still in bloom between Theydon Bois and Ongar, Essex. Some early spring flowers were included among these; for



REYNARD TAMED



A BEAUTY OF JAPAN.

instance, the dog violet (*Viola canina*), Jack-by-the-hedge (*Alliaria officinalis*), the dog mercury (*Mercurialis perennis*), etc. The latter, in particular, is flowering at a very unusual date, and the bottom of a hedge-bank was well covered with fresh male plants coming into bloom.—H.

A USE FOR OLD CIDER-MILLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph may interest your readers, for it shows that there is still a use for the old cider-mills that lie dismantled about the countryside. Some time ago Mrs. Clutterbuck of Sidbury Hall, near Bridgnorth, saw a description in your paper of how the old mills might be utilised in the garden, and at once determined to follow the example given. The photograph shows how the bottom stone of one mill has been used for the flowers, while a smaller stone from another and somewhat differently patterned one makes a second



MILLSTONES IN THE GARDEN.

basin to hold more plants. The whole effect is most charming and beautifully in keeping with a semi-wild garden.—FRANCES PITT.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Visitors to the Zoological Gardens now have an opportunity of seeing living specimens of one of the most remarkable of the crow tribe in the pair of great-billed ravens (*Corvultur crassirostris*) from Abyssinia, which have been presented by the Marquess of Tavistock. This species is about the size of an ordinary raven, but possesses a most peculiar bill, which is greatly swollen and arched. In colour the bird is black with a brownish shade on the



ABYSSINIAN GREAT-BILLED RAVEN

upper wing coverts, and at the back of the head is a large patch of white. Its food in a wild state consists chiefly of carrion, but it also eats snakes, lizards and insects of all kinds, besides fruit—a diet, in fact, similar to that of other species of ravens. What special use the enlarged bill can be to the bird is a mystery. The pair that have recently arrived at the Gardens are the first specimens the Zoological Society have possessed, although they have had examples of the allied white-necked raven from South Africa, the only other member of the genus *Corvultur*.—D. SETH-SMITH.

A BADGER AS A PET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lately seen some accounts of tame badgers in *COUNTRY LIFE*, and certainly they make interesting pets, and appear to be favourites this summer. Owing to its nocturnal habits, this animal is seldom seen in a wild state. I am sending a photograph of my young badger. When I first had him he was a



A TAME BADGER AND HIS MISTRESS.

cub of between three and four months old, and was dug out of an earth at Bowood, Wilts. He was a very shy and timid youngster, and would grunt and growl and bite savagely if disturbed in his sleeping-box and when lifted out to be fed. Before very long he learnt to come out when called, and to jump on to my knees to be fed on milk sweetened with sugar or honey, which he took out of a feeding-bottle, and would eat almost anything offered to him. Now he is fat and does not eat so much, but his favourite meal is biscuit soaked in milk and, of course, sweetened. Now and then he has rabbit flesh. He delights to be out loose, nosing the ground hunting for insects. He follows me about in broad daylight, although he prefers the dusk of the evening, or when it is quite dark and only his white nose is visible close to my feet. He is still shy of strangers, and a strange voice frightens him; in fact, any sound is noticed at once, his sense of hearing being very acute. If tired or alarmed at anything he will run back to be lifted, and I catch him up in my arms and carry him—a good heavy animal, as he is now about eight months old and nearly full-grown.—C. F. McNIVEN.

PROPER FOOD FOR KESTREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent's enquiry how to feed correctly a tame kestrel, he may like to know that I once kept one tame for two years. I got him wild from the nest just fledged, and tamed him with food which was as follows: Mice if possible, of any kind except a shrew, which no animal will eat that I know of. When mice could not be caught, slices of raw meat wrapped in rabbit's fur were most acceptable, or a very young rabbit or tender young rat. Kestrels must have their food with the fur on, as their digestion appears to resemble that of an owl, and the fur reappears in similar castings after a meal. Birds such as sparrows were tried, but feathers are not their natural food, and my kestrel would never kill a small bird, and only ate one cut in half when pressed by hunger. He grew tame after constant handling and daily feeding, and after two months always flew about by day returning to his cage by night, or being called and shown food. He found a mate in the spring of his second year and flew away. I may add that a large aviary is not the place to tame a kestrel, but a small cage, where handling is easy; and your correspondent must not object to having his hands clawed, and must not overfeed.—V. D. HILDYARD.

CAT AND FERRETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I herewith submit a photograph of a subject which, I think, will greatly interest a good many of your readers. The cat depicted successfully reared to maturity several ferrets that had been left orphans a few days after birth.—D. GALES.



A STRANGE FAMILY.



THE FALLEN TREE.

WILLOW TREES DAMAGED BY GOAT MOTH CATERPILLARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs illustrating the ravages effected on one of a line of willow trees situated at Clarton-on-Sea by caterpillars of the goat moth. No. 1 is a view of a fallen tree which has succumbed to the extensive attack of the caterpillars and was unable to resist the violence of the winds. No. 2 is a near view of the trunk showing the borings and excavations made by the insects. Note the four holes by means of which the moths made their exit after changing from the chrysalid stage. The eggs of the moths are laid in these holes and the young caterpillars begin their depredations immediately on hatching. No. 3 is a life-size view of three of the caterpillars found feeding under the bark of the tree in question. The larvæ of the goat moth are of a pinkish colour, their bodies are smooth and soft, their heads are black and flat, their jaws are very powerful, and they excrete an evil-smelling liquid, especially when alarmed; this liquid serves to soften the wood attacked. Before changing to the chrysalid stage they make a cocoon of silk thread and ground-up wood. The chrysalid is a slatish colour. In about a fortnight the moth emerges, eats its way through the cocoon and finds its way to the outer world. The moth's wings are marked to resemble the bark of the trees on which it alights.—WILLIAM C. WATERMAN.

A DATE PALM TREE WITH TWELVE BRANCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send herewith a photograph (by Messrs. Modi of Ambala) of a date palm tree, with a short description, which may prove suitable for your paper.



A SACRED DATE PALM.

forming a herb garden, in which I have planted the following herbs: Rosemary, marjoram, lemon thyme, lovage, sorrel, burnet, fennel, mace, southernwood, lavender, camomile, red sage, artemisia, pennyroyal,

This tree is growing in the jungle about half a mile to the north-west of Kurukshetra Junction (late Thanesar Junction), a station on the East Indian Railway in the Punjab. The ordinary date palm has one stem without any offshoots, and this particular tree is unique in having twelve branches which spread out like a fan. They can be counted near the point from which they take off. The tree is venerated by the people of the neighbourhood, and might well be termed "The Twelve Apostles." — C. H. BUCK.

THE ANCIENT USES OF HERBS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]
SIR,—I have lately been

EXCAVATIONS MADE BY THE CATERPILLARS.

horehound, sage, balm, mint, tansy, hyssop, thyme, borage. It would be of great interest to me if you could give some information through your "Correspondence" columns as to what uses these herbs were put in the days when they were so generally used for medicinal and other purposes.—JOHN P. WHITE.

[These following uses were taken from a "Boke of Herbs" published about the middle of the sixteenth century: Rosemary, it says, is "much worthe agaynste the all euylles in the body. Also take the floures and put them in a chefte amonge your clothes and bokes and moughtes shal not hurt them." Of marjoram, the leaves and flowers gathered in the summer and dried in the shade had the

virtue of "confortynge, of confuming, of clenfyng." Of burnet (Burneta) the author remarked: "Medled with honey and whyte wyne this herbe helpeth and byndeth sore styches of the ryebes." Fennel was a safeguard against all venom. The juice drunk with wine was a cure for dropsy, and was said to do away with "the webbe of the eyes of a manne" (presumably cataract).



GOAT MOTH LARVÆ UNDER THE BARK.

Mace boiled with the inevitable white wine was good for indigestion. Southernwood was good for coughs, and bruised with wine it would counteract the "bytynge of a ferpent." Lavender water was a cure for the palsy, taken internally. Camomile apparently stimulated the liver, and also mixed with swine's grease destroyed the "hote Dodagre," a complaint now fortunately unknown. Artemisia was a veritable traveller's friend. The man who carried this herb about him never wearied. Powdered with tallow it "heleth the fournes of a manes fete and akyng also." Sage (Salvia) was good for palsy, poison and venom. Balm helped a man to "defie hys mete," whatever that may mean. Mint made into a salad with vinegar and cinnamon and pepper was considered a remedy for bile, also for venom. Hyssop was good for all evils of the mouth; and if broken or in powder "maketh a man wel coloured." Of borage the virtue was this: "The water dronk wyth wyne maketh a man glad and mereye." According to Gerarde, a decoction of tansy, taken internally, dissolved congealed blood and healed bruises. The roots of lovage were good for all "inward diseases." The seeds were a digestive, and were used instead of pepper. Sorrel cooled the blood, and made into a posset with ale was a usual drink for fever patients. The roots boiled and "stamped with barow's (? bear's) grease" made an ointment for skin diseases. Thyme made into tea with the addition of honey was held to be a cure for coughs, and cheered such as were "fearful, melancholike, and troubled in minde." Pennyroyal also purged melancholy and biliousness. Horehound syrup was given to consumptives and asthmatical patients. A poultice made of red sage and burnt vinegar was applied to such as had a "grievous stitch," and was also used in cases of pleurisy.—ED.]